

WATCH THE ADDRESS
on your paper and let us
have
Your Prompt Renewal

The Hondo Anvil Herald.

NO TOWN EVER GREW
on Trade That Went
Elsewhere.
Are you a town builder?

THE ANVIL EST'D 1886
THE HERALD. 1891

CONSOLIDATED
OCT. 17, 1903.

HONDO, MEDINA COUNTY, TEXAS, SEPTEMBER 1, 1939.

VOL. 54. No. 8

Here in HONDO

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Street
Dance here
Tomorrow night
Benefit Fire Department.
Come and have a good time
While contributing to a worthwhile
cause!

All kinds of fountain drinks at
ROTHE'S CONFECTIONERY. 1f.
We know the answers to all your
School needs, WINDROW DRUG
STORE. 3t.

If your name isn't among the per-
sonal items of this paper DO SOME-
THING ABOUT IT!

Miss Hulda Nester is enjoying a
week's visit with Mr. and Mrs. John
J. Hieser near Castroville.

Miss Lucy Davis spent the week in
Yorktown as the guest of Misses
Eugenia and Dorothy Schiwetz.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Meyer has
returned home from a several weeks
visit with Mrs. Murry Stephenson in
Cotulla.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Gaines, accom-
panied by Sonney Gaines and Milton
Bohmalk, spent Sunday in Lockhart,
visiting relatives.

Thomas Danie left the first of the
week for Kingsville where he entered
the College of Arts and Industries
for the coming term.

Miss Allie Word and Mr. and Mrs.
Ev. Word had dinner with Mr. and
Mrs. Chris. De Journey, in San An-
tonio, Friday evening.

From Sept. 1st. thru 10th. we will
give a cup of ice cream with each
purchase of school supplies amount-
ing to 25c or more at FLY DRUG
CO. 2t.

The Hondo public school will open
Monday, September 4th, for the
1939-40 term. Registration for the
higher grades is being made today
and tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Koch were
visitors to friends and relatives here
Tuesday while enroute home to San
Antonio, after a pleasant visit to
their son, Richard, in El Paso.

J. N. Word has had as guests over
the week-end his brother, S. A. Word
and wife, his nephew, Ev. Word and
wife, and his sister, Mrs. Emma
Smith, all of Lampasas, Texas.

Ralph Noonan Jr. arrived home
Saturday from Austin where he at-
tended summer school at the Uni-
versity of Texas. He left Sunday on
a camping trip at Garner Park.

Saturday, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Word
and daughter; Mr. and Mrs. S. A.
Word, Mr. and Mrs. Ev. Word and
Mrs. Emma Smith motored to Pan-
dera to see R. K. Word and P. E.
Word and families.

Who has a forty or fifty-acre farm
tract with modest improvements,
wood and water to sell for \$1200 or
\$1500 cash? Inquire of Geo. H. Kim-
mey or Fletcher Davis of the Hondo
Land Co.

A great number of Hondo people
attended the celebration at Castro-
ville last Sunday, and many old-
timers in the crowd remarked that
it was the largest crowd ever as-
sembled there on a like occasion be-
fore.

Nuel Windrow, formerly an em-
ployee of his brother, the late W. H.
Windrow, in the drugstore here, was
a brief visitor to Hondo kinspeople
and friends Monday. Mr. Windrow
has been in the drug business in
Laredo for a number of years past
and is prospering in the border city.

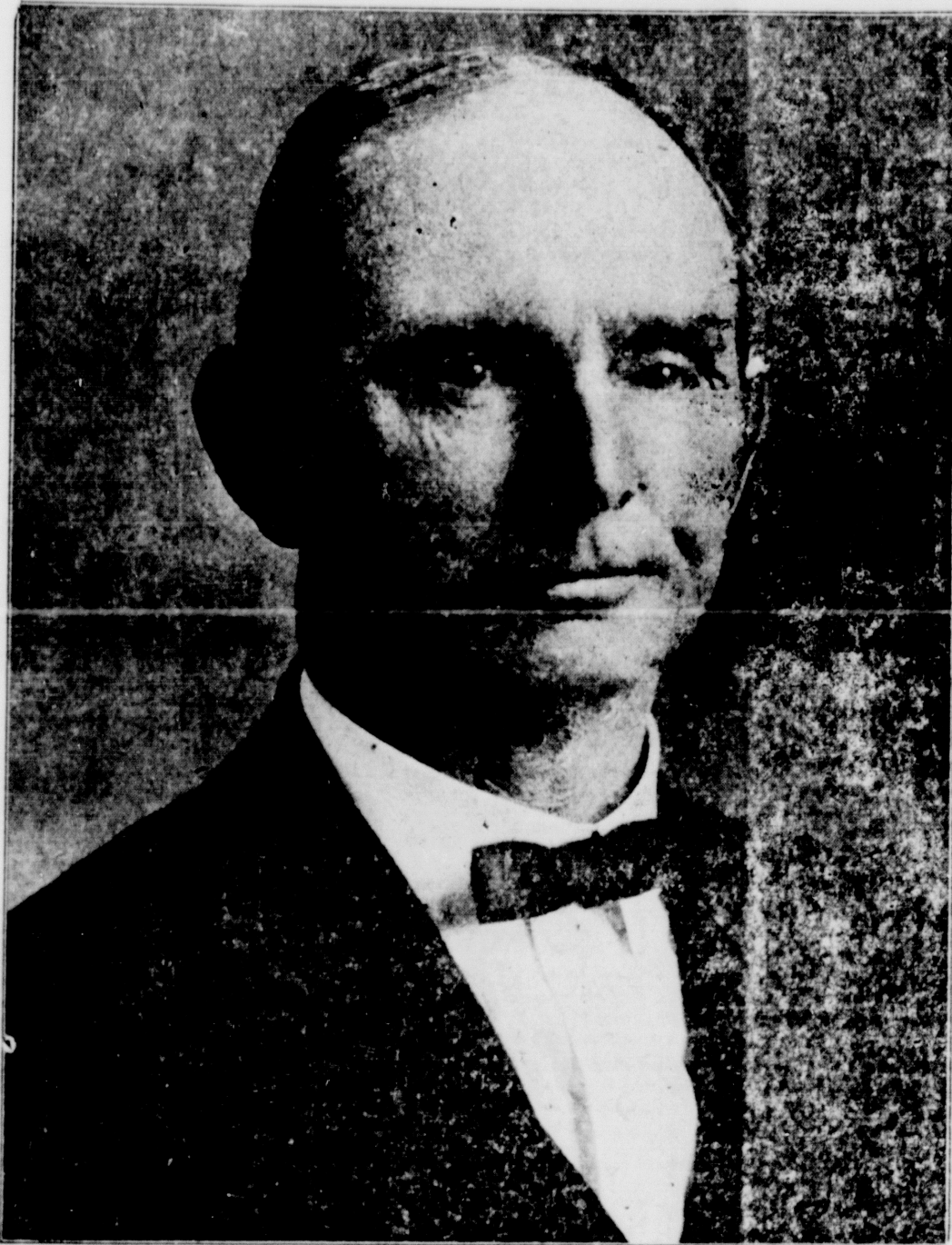
Mrs. Alice Bertreaver and nephew,
S. Anthony Jungman, have been en-
joying a visit to the New York
World's Fair and other places of in-
terest in the East. They joined the
St. Mary's University tour twelve
days ago, and following the trip to
the Fair and a visit to Niagara Falls,
they plan to return via Detroit,
Michigan, and are expected home one
day this week.

Rev. and Mrs. Stewart Clendenin
left Sunday afternoon for Houston
where Rev. Clendenin is pastor of
one of the city's large Methodist
churches. Rev. Clendenin preached
for the protracted meeting at the
local Methodist church and favored
his audiences with some able ser-
mons. While here, they were the
guests of Mrs. Clendenin's parents,
Judge and Mrs. D. H. Fly.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin F. Schweers
and daughters, Monette and Con-
stance, visited the Buchanan Dam
Saturday and attended the Schneider
family reunion in Mason Sunday.
The following day they visited in
San Angelo with Mr. and Mrs. Ed
Moore, returning home Tuesday by
way of Sonora. They were accom-
panied to Mason by Messrs. Elgin and
Reuben Wiemers.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Batot and Mrs.
Louis Bohmalk returned home Wed-
nesday after spending several days
at Houston. They were accompanied
home by Mrs. Leo Batot from here
and Miss Isabell Karm from Castro-
ville who spent the week there, visit-
ing Mrs. Batot's sister, Mrs. H. Z.
Zimmerman and family. The party
also went to Galveston where they
visited Mr. and Mrs. John J. Mullen.
Mrs. Mullen will be remembered as
Miss Dorothy Zerr.

GEO. B. TERRELL ENDORSES GARNER



HON. GEO. B. TERRELL

Geo. B. Terrell of Alto, Texas, for
a number of years Texas commis-
sioner of agriculture, has announced
his endorsement of Vice President
Garner as the Democratic nominee in
1940.

Terrell, who suffered a paralytic
stroke several months ago, was in
Uvalde briefly last Thursday while
en route to Del Rio and Fort Davis
to spend some time with relatives.
Although he has not yet fully re-
covered from his illness, he is able
to get around and meet his friends.

In a prepared statement, which he
released for publication here, he said:
"I entered public life with John
Garner in 1899, serving two terms
in the Legislature, 1899-1901, with
him. He was an active and use-
ful member of that body.

"He went from the 27th Legisla-
ture to Congress, and has been one
of the outstanding men of that body
since he entered Congress, serving
as leader of the House and as speak-
er.

"No man in public life has served
more faithfully and with more fidel-
ity to the interest of all the people
than has John Garner.

"He is the only man, so far as I
know, who has served as speaker of
the House and vice president, thus
presiding over both branches of Con-
gress.

"No man in the country is better
qualified to be president than John
Garner.

"If it had not been for John Gar-
ner, it is doubtful whether Roosevelt
would have been nominated in 1932.
The votes of Texas and California,
controlled by Garner, nominated
Roosevelt and he should feel grateful
for that act, and should not raise his
hand or voice against the man who
made him president of the United
States."—The Uvalde Leader-News.

A COMMUNITY OWNED WATER- WORKS AND SEWERAGE SYSTEM FOR HONDO.

The directors of the Hondo Cham-
ber of Commerce and members of a
special committee, appointed for that
purpose, are taking steps to create a
Water Control and Improvement
District covering the area of the
Town of Hondo, whereby the people
within the community are to own and
operate a standard waterworks and
a sewerage system and disposal
plant.

The ownership, control and opera-
tion of the two systems is not to cost
the people of Hondo a cent in the
way of a tax on their property be-
cause both systems are to be fi-
nanced through revenue bonds se-
cured by a mortgage on the water-
works and sewerage system and dis-
posal plant. Those who are connect-
ed and using either system are to pay
a monthly fee or rental based on the
same proposition as our present water
rent.

The organization of the district
will be managed by five annually
elected directors, who are to be
bonded and must be residents of the
proposed district. This will mean that
our community will own and operate



VICE-PRESIDENT JOHN N. GARNER

a waterworks and sewerage system
without any taxes on property.

Hondo has a waterworks system
but it is owned by a corporation liv-
ing outside the county and which re-
ceives all the net profits. In return
we get water for domestic use; some-
times not enough, due to low pres-
sure, and small mains. Some will say
that they are satisfied with the pres-
ent waterworks and the service re-
ceived but they don't realize all the
facts of the situation. Water service
is not just giving people enough wa-
ter for domestic use, but involves
much more than just that. A big fac-
tor is the fire protection we should
get. We are penalized 45 cents out
of the 85 cent key rate on fire in-
surance in Hondo and that one item
alone is due to waterworks below
standard set by the State Fire In-
surance Commission. We have the
best volunteer fire department and
equipment of any town the size of
Hondo in the State, but without suf-
ficiently large water mains, large
storage tank and elevated storage
tank its usefulness is seriously handi-
capped. Some morning the people of
Hondo are going to awake and find
one of the business blocks a pile of
ashes due to the inadequate water
supply. A standard water system, ap-

proved by the State Fire Insurance
Department, would mean a larger
and higher storage tank, eight inch
mains throughout the business dis-
trict, six inch mains throughout the
residential district and nothing less
than four inch elsewhere, and fire
plugs about 100 feet apart and con-
nected on no main less than six
inches in diameter.

We set back and brag about not
having any city taxes to pay, but we
are only trying to fool ourselves and
others, because we do pay a city
tax, only its called fire insurance. We
are paying out good money, unneces-
sarily, through the penalizing fire
insurance rates.

It's needless to say that Hondo is
badly in need of a centralized sewerage
system and disposal plant be-
cause with the septic tanks, cess-
pools and open toilets scattered
throughout town we are sitting on a
potential powder-barrel that may ex-
plode in the form of a disease epi-
demic most anytime.

Let's work toward the common
goal of obtaining a standard water-
works system of our own! Let's get
a sewerage system and disposal plant
while we have the relief labor to do
the major part of the work, and in
that way save us costs.

COMMISSIONERS' COURT.

The Commissioners Court of Me-
dina County on August 29th at the
courthouse in Hondo. All members
were present.

To Refund Bridge Warrants.
There came up for consideration
an order directing the County Judge
to publish a notice of intention of
the Court to pass an order authoriz-
ing the issuance of \$23,500 Medina
County Road and Bridge Refunding
Bonds. Commissioner Hardcastle
moved that the order be passed, Com-
missioner Koch seconded the motion,
and the Court voted unanimously to
adopt the order.

The substance of the order is that
the Commissioners' Court of Medina
County deems it advisable and to the
best interest of the County to issue
Refunding Bonds in lieu of outstand-
ing road and bridge warrants of the
County, in order to reduce the in-
terest rate now being paid and to
make the maturities of the indebted-
ness more uniform, thereby relieving
the road and bridge tax of the Coun-
ty.

Tax Rate Set.

The Court, on August 29th, unani-
mously voted that there shall be
levied and collected for the use of
Medina County, for the year 1939,
the following taxes on every hundred
dollars valuation of real and personal
property, as assessed and situated in
Medina County, Texas, on January
1, 1939, subject to taxation:

(1) A general ad valorem of 25c,
two cents of which is levied to pay
interest and principal on Tick Era-
dication Warrants.

(2) A road and bridge tax of 15c
on the \$100 valuation.

There shall also be levied and
collected for the year 1939 a tax of
50c on all taxable property in Me-
dina County, for the purpose of pay-
ing current interest and provide a
sinking fund on the outstanding Me-
dina County Road Bonds.

(3) There shall also be levied and
collected for the year 1939 a jury
fund tax of 3c on the \$100 valua-
tion.

(4) There shall also be levied and
collected for the year 1939, an im-
provement tax of 7c on the \$100
valuation.

Recapitulation.

General Advalorem	25c
Road and bridge	15c
Road-bond tax	50c
Jury fund	3c
Improvement tax	7c

Total County tax \$1.00

Road District No. 2.

There shall also be levied and col-
lected for the year 1939, a tax of
10c on the \$100 valuation of all tax-
able property in Road District No. 2
of Medina County, as heretofore laid
out for the purpose of paying the
current interest and provide a sinking
fund on the outstanding bonds of
said Road District.

Road District No. 4.

There shall also be levied and col-
lected for the year 1939, a tax of 20c
on the \$100 valuation of all taxable
property in Road District No. 4,
Medina County, as heretofore laid
out for the purpose of paying the
current interest and provide a sink-
ing fund on the outstanding bonds of
said Road District.

Occupatin Tax.

There shall also be levied and col-
lected for the year 1939, on all oc-
cupations taxed by the State, a County
occupatin tax equal to one-half of
the State tax, except where other-
wise provided by law, and except
Medicin Vendors a County Tax of
\$25.00 only shall be collected.

School Tax.

The special school tax shall be in
accordance with the recommendation
of the County School Superintendent
of Public Institution and the Board
of Common School Trustees of Me-
dina County, which is as follows:

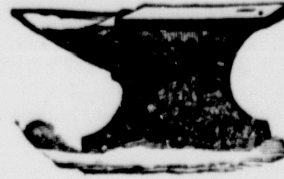
District	No.	Main.	Bond
Castroville	1		20c
Rio Medina	2	15c	
LaCoste	3	50c	40c
Murphy	4		
Upper Quihi	5	50c	
Fly	6	25c	
Longview	7	25c	
Shook	10	50c	
Biry	11	50c	25c
Black Creek	12	50c	
Pearson	14	25c	
Yancey	16	65c	25c
Leinweber	18	25c	
Maverick	19	50c	
Seco	21	10c	
Burrell	22		
Peach Tree	23	10c	
Liv oak	25	50c	
Rothe	27	20c	
New Fountain	30	50c	
Vandenberg	31	15c	
Verdina	32	25c	
Dunlay	33		
Enterprise	34		
District (County Line)	(same as in 1938—20c)		

WARNING.

Mrs. Lela Goode, State Inspector
of Beauty Shops, was in town this
week checking on all finger wavers
without license. It is a violation
whether you take pay or not. There
are several cases to try on just school
girls, who did not know they were
breaking the law.

REMEMBER.

To get your hot tamales at my
barbecue pit Tuesdays, Thursdays
and Saturdays, and barbecue on
Wednesdays and Saturdays. Call at
Blue Bonnet Tailor Shop.
L. H. HEYEN.



SPARKS

Being News, Views and Reviews
by the
Managing Editor

MIND & MATTER.

By Clayton Rand

* With so many schools teaching
* journalism, there has been in
* late years a new crop of would-
* be writers. Every weekly news-
* paper is besieged by young men
* and women who want to become
* reporters.

* The country has been producing
* editors and authors faster than
* it has been providing readers,
* and it sometimes looks like the
* better they can write the scarcer
* their ideas. Then if they have
* some real ideas, there doesn't
* seem to be any sale for them.

* The multitude is still more in-
* terested in food for the body
* than food for the mind. The
* young man who can produce a
* formula for a good belly-wash
* will go further today than if he
* writes a good book. There's a
* much better market for belchies
* than ballads.

—oO—

Some measure of the need for
sympathy of the war-frightened
denizens of Europe can be sensed by
the tenseness of our own people over
the prospect of a renewal of the
World War. Those who had presence
of mind enough left to remember
the lessons of their history at the
time of our senseless plunge into
the last war knew that it was folly
to expect our actions to "end war" in
a country that has been a battlefield
since time immemorial and whose
peoples have been the pawns of
ambitious, power-mad dictators at the
will and pleasure of their financial
masters throughout the ages. Are we
a people under whom self-govern-
ment has reached its finest flower,
going to again be the dupes that we
were before and such as our
European cousins have been for
ages?

—oO—

The deplorable thing about the
recent mob demonstration in San An-
tonio is not the bruised heads or the
damaged property that resulted but
the bad advertising that it will give
the city and all of Texas. In giving
rein to uncontrolled feelings of re-
sentment the mob played into the
hands of the Communists. They
thrive on lawless opposition. The
sooner the opponents of communism
learn to differentiate between free
speech and peaceable assembly and
"overt acts" the safer we all will be.

—oO—

Hot dry weather and worm damage
is giving the fall grain and feed crops
a serious set-back and it looks as if
our farmers are destined for another
disappointment in the matter of
crops. With the approach of cooler
weather soon to be expected, how-
ever, there is a chance for the pasture
grass to still make considerable
growth before the effect of the July
rains are entirely spent.

—oO—

PREPARATION FOR FIRE.

"Preparation for fire fighting will
often mean the difference between
success and ruin," says a release of
the National Board of Fire Under-
writers.

The release deals with the im-
mensely important subject of ade-
quate preparation on the part of fire
departments. As it points out, "It has
not been uncommon in fire service
to consider fire stations only as block
houses or outposts, housing men and
equipment which would go into ac-
tion somewhat blindly when called by
an alarm of fire." And, when this is
the circumstance, the fire depart-
ment, no matter how well trained and
equipped, is obviously at a serious
disadvantage, knowing little or nothing
of what it is likely to encounter.

Modern fire fighting methods, like
modern warfare, must be based upon
the most exact knowledge of the be-
havior of the enemy. And, to achieve
that, every member of the fire de-
partment must know the general con-
ditions of mercantile and manufac-
turing areas, and the locations of
theatres, churches, and other crowd-
ed places. Plans must be made as to
the best and most efficient method of
approach, both in bringing equipment
to the fire and in fighting it—con-
fusion and congestion waste precious
minutes, and may be the cause of
tremendous unnecessary losses of life
and property. Effective inspections
of buildings must be made periodical-
ly, taking into consideration all fac-
tors involving life hazards for oc-
cupants and firemen. In the case of
important buildings, the fire depart-
ment should have plans showing floor
arrangement, stairways, elevators,
exposures, etc.

What is true for urban fire de-
(Continued on last page.)

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With Farming, both together one year \$1.75
Outside this area, one year \$2.00
With Farming, both together one year \$2.25

HONDO, TEXAS, SEPT. 1, 1939

"NOBODY'S BUSINESS."

By
Julian Capers, Jr.

The opinions here expressed are the author's own and not necessarily those of this paper.—M. E.

AUSTIN, Aug. 26.—Oil continued to occupy the center of attention in Austin at the week-end, as the end of the 15-day shutdown by Texas and five other oil-producing states, controlling 65 percent of U. S. production, neared.

Hearings on application of the Humble to increase its allowable in East Texas by 45 percent were closed during the week, as experts offered opposing formulae for prorating that world's largest oil field. Humble sought a higher allowable under authority of a Federal court order, but did not advocate an overall increase for the field. One group of independents sought a higher overall allowable for the entire field. Other independents advanced varying theories for allocating production among wells in the field. The Railroad Commission closed the hearing, agreed to hear arguments later, and turned its attention to the September statewide hearing, which was scheduled for Monday.

Commissioner Ernest Thompson, who is also chairman of the Interstate Oil Compact, has called a special meeting of the compact, at the same time, to discuss probable continuance of the shutdown, unless price cutting by certain majors—the real cause of the shutdown—are rescinded meanwhile. Several small independent crude buyers in Texas and other producing states have already rescinded the 20 to 32 cents a barrel slash which brought on the trouble. Meanwhile there were rumors a special session of the Illinois legislature may be called to enact a proration law. Illinois running 300,000 barrels daily of unprorated oils, has been a major factor in the market disturbance which has upset the industry.

Etex Pressure Rises.
With a world war threatening again, and crude stocks reported near exhaustion, pressure in the East Texas field was reported by Thompson to have jumped over 31 pounds during the shutdown. This, he said, is a distinct contribution to conservation, and will prolong life of many producing wells materially.

The red-headed commissioner, who has taken the lead in the fight precipitated by the mid-continent crude price cuts, threw another curve at the major price-cutters, when he drew up an order for a hearing on pipeline rates, dated tentatively Sept. 7, and cited sworn reports of major pipeline companies, showing \$400,000,000 of net profits in nine years, as evidence of need for a review of pipeline rates, and of justification for his advocacy of a 5-cent a barrel tax on pipeline-transported oil. He would use the revenue for pensions and other social security measures. Thompson also promised independent refiners short of crude the Commission would seek to obtain crude for them to operate with, "thus testing their good faith in the matter of reducing their stock."

Mann's Rulings.
Attorney General Gerald Mann handed down two important rulings during the week. First, he held Gov. O'Daniel's veto of appropriations for eight examiners employed by the Life Insurance Commission did not prevent the Commission from appealing to the Board of Control for power to re-employ these inspectors, who are paid out of funds assessed against the insurance companies for supervision purposes.

A bitter blow to 300 University of Texas students was Mann's second ruling, holding that part-time jobs for students by state departments are not authorized. It has been customary to create a single job, then divide the work and the pay between two or three students, each working part of the day. This makes many friends for the politicians who give out the jobs, and also enables many students to get work to help pay their college expenses. Mann pointed out authority for "splitting" the jobs was left out of the detailed appropriation bills, and the practice could not legally be continued.

Appointments.
Appointments recently made by Gov. O'Daniel indicated that there is no great difference between the way it is done in business, and the way it has always been done in politics. The Governor named F. C. Branson, building and loan association executive of Galveston, state banking commissioner. Branson was employed by the Maco Stewart interests, and reportedly had two years of a three-year contract yet to fill. His compensation as Banking Commissioner is \$5,000. The Maco Stewart interests have been ardent and enthusiastic friends and advisors of the Governor since the election.

Mrs. Ella Mae Murphy, of Corpus

Christi, an employee of the Board of Cosmetology, which licenses and supervises beauty shops, was named a member of the board, succeeding Mrs. P. A. Houston of Henderson. Mrs. Murphy, described as a highly capable employee of the board, is also the sister of a prominent public utility lobbyist, who led an active fight among the special interests group to pass S. J. R. No. 12, the Governor's sales tax constitutional amendment at the regular session.

Leon, the governor's banjo-picking foil on his radio program, is fulfilling his duties in a new position as disbursement officer of the Texas National Guard. He is stationed at Camp Mabry, easily available for the Sunday morning radio broadcast.

Austin Notes.
The folks who tried to get the Senate to call off its filibuster and pass a driver's license law with teeth in it at the regular session evidently knew what they were talking about. The Senate dawdled along with the filibuster, and killed the driver's license bill. During the first half of 1939, 394 persons were killed in highway accidents in Texas, and 25 percent of them were in accidents involving drunken drivers. Senator Joe Hill, who opposed the sales tax urged Gov. O'Daniel to call a special session and submit a natural resources tax to finance pensions. Rep. Lon Alsop of Carthage, blind House member, also urged a special session to take care of the needy blind. The lobbyists in Austin feel certain the governor will not call a special session, they say, but when the pension money runs short in another month or two, forcing reduction in the present \$14 average monthly payments to 118,000 pensioners, it may be a different story.

WASHINGTON SNAPSHOTS . . .

by
James Preston

The opinions here expressed are Mr. Preston's own and not necessarily those of this paper.—M. E.

A REMINDER ABOUT LIBERTIES.

In celebrating its Tercentenary this year, Newport, R. I., commemorates the completion of three centuries of religious freedom—marking the date when stout-hearted followers of Roger Williams seeking the right to worship as they pleased settled in Rhode Island and founded the city of Newport.

As part of the celebration, a special ceremony was recently held in which a distant relative of George Washington read again the classic address on religious and civil liberty delivered by his illustrious kinsman at Newport in 1790.

"All citizens possess alike liberty of conscience and immunities of citizenship," said the first President on that occasion. "It is now no more that toleration is spoken of as if it was by the indulgence of one class of people that another enjoyed the exercise of their inherent natural rights. For happily the Government of the United States which gives to bigotry no sanction, to persecution no assistance, requires only that they who live under its protection should demean themselves as good citizens."

The spirit of these utterances has guided us for 150 years and has been one of the basic principles of our national life. For a century and half we have maintained a free life here based upon a system of free enterprise, political freedom and religious and civil liberty. As long as we maintain in the United States a free economic and political system, we need not fear the loss of the third freedom—religious and civil liberty. We need not fear the encroachments and effects of the European "isms" which preach hatred and intolerance of one class for another, one race against another.

—WSS—
"Hell," a philosopher once observed, "is a state of mind." No disparagement is meant (though the national capital does happen to be extremely hot these summer days) when it is pointed out that the description fits Washington even more accurately. For Washington is not so much a place as a symbol—though perhaps a symbol meaning "all things to all men."

When the average American mentions Washington at the present time, the odds are reasonably long that he isn't thinking of the actual city itself, as he would be doing if he named New York or Chicago or Sheboygan; he's talking about government and all the cloudy or clear ideas in his mind concerning things governmental.

That's why a column called "Washington Snapshots" sometimes gets geographically out of bounds. For, just as wherever the royal feet of the Emperor of Japan are planted is supposed to be sacred ground, wherever politics are being played or statesmanship is being displayed is "Washington."

—WSS—

All of which may be too long a way of saying that Congress, not so many weeks ago a powerful body making the nation's laws, has broken up now into more than five hundred individual units scattered all over the country, each extremely concerned about his political future. It is at times like these that one of the most interesting and important phases of the American system of government appears on the scene. For this is the period during which Representative and Senator most anxiously sound out public opinion, buckling down to that tremendously serious work which has been known since time immemorial as "mending the political fences."

—WSS—
What will the individual lawmaker find out this time concerning the wishes of the constituents back home? No one can say with absolute certainty, but there are at least three straws in the wind:

Straw one is the attitude of Congress itself at the session recently concluded. Naturally, Congress tries to interpret public opinion to the best of its ability; that is the keystone of the system of representative democracy, and its the best system worked out so far though like all things human it isn't perfect.

The legislators last session didn't go too far out on a limb until they could check with the home folks, but they did institute certain reforms, all pointing in a single direction. In other words, Congress indicated a belief that what the public wants is legislative action of a type that will restore business confidence and start the wheels of progress rolling again.

Straw two is the "straw vote." Congressmen are naturally very anxious to find out whether they guessed right last session, and recent polls of public opinion seem to show that they were. These polls have evidenced increasing dissatisfaction with heavy government spending, mounting taxes, and political tinkering with the welfare of business. In the case of one reform that industry considers particularly vital to its welfare—namely, amendment of the Wagner Act so that both sides can stand equal in the eyes of the law—the percentage of the public demanding a change in the Act rose in three short months from 62 to 70 per cent, according to the reliable American Institute of Public Opinion. It would be hard to maintain, in the face of a popular majority so heavy, that the public isn't vitally interested in this matter of restoring business confidence.

There's one more straw, less important perhaps than the first two, but still indicative. That is the opinion of political observers who, like the Senators and Representatives, make their bread and butter out of guessing right more than half the time. Most seasoned observers without too special an axe to grind are inclined to go along with the belief that what's most needed, and most wanted by the public, is Congressional action next session to achieve the reforms business and industry most need: Wagner Act amendments sponsored by business and labor groups alike, taxation reforms that will make real sense and make investments in private enterprise offer the possibility of profit, and real governmental economy aimed towards ending the balloon-like ascent of the nation's debt load.

—WSS—
Summing up, then, this seems to be the story: All the straws in the wind point to a public interest in seeing Congress do the things that will most aid business recovery, and thus bring back prosperity for the whole country. You, as an American citizen, will be aiding your representative in Washington if you give him, in writing or in person, your opinion on these matters. And if the Congressman is half the judge of public temper he's cracked up to be, his return to Washington next session ought to bring the reforms business and industry need. All of which is pleasant for the average American to consider!

Patronize our advertisers.

KILL-A-WORM

GUARANTEED TO KILL NEW WORMS

ATHLETE'S FOOT RINGWORM
For quick relief from Athlete's Foot, Ringworm get Zenzal. Feet sore? Skin raw and cracked between and underneath the toes? Money back if Zenzal does not soothe, cool and aid healing. Pleasant to use. Get Zenzal today.
WINDROW DRUG STORE

QUICK RELIEF FROM Symptoms of Distress Arising from STOMACH ULCERS DUE TO EXCESS ACID
Free Book Tells of Home Treatment that Must Help or it Will Cost You Nothing
Over one million bottles of the WILLARD TREATMENT have been sold for relief of symptoms of distress arising from Stomach and Duodenal Ulcers due to Excess Acid—Poor Digestion, Sour or Upset Stomach, Gasiness, Heartburn, Sleeplessness, etc., due to Excess Acid. Sold on 15 days' trial! Ask for "Willard's Message" which fully explains this treatment—free—at
WINDROW DRUG STORE

OUR SPECIAL FARMER'S BARGAIN

FARMING, our monthly rural home journal, three \$1.00 years for \$1.00
The Semi-Weekly Farm News, a Texas newspaper for the farm home, one \$1.00 year—
Total Value—\$2.00
By special arrangement we can send this two dollar value, both papers for the time specified, for only \$1.50
This offer is limited and may be withdrawn at any time. Order at once, new or renewal.
Address
FLETCHER'S FARMING
HONDO, TEXAS

BOY SCOUT ACTIVITIES.

The Alamo Area Council Board of Directors met Tuesday evening of this week at the St. Anthony Hotel in San Antonio, with representatives from all over the Area and the entire professional staff attending, including L. S. Harkey, Scout Executive and W. B. Greet, W. A. Nicholson and Chas. T. Clark, Field Scout Executives. With this staff to aid the several hundred volunteer leaders in Scouting, the Council Board has laid out a program which calls for a greatly enlarged membership and a more efficiently-supervised Commissioners' Staff to uphold the standards of Scouting.

As a result of the meeting, District Boards will be convened as quickly as possible for the purpose of applying the program to the individual Districts.

The District Board of Medina County District, Alamo Area Council, Boy Scouts of America, will meet in the office of the City Superintendent of Schools, J. G. Barry, in order to discuss Medina Valley's part in the Council-Wide Program of Membership Expansion.

Texas' 9,400,000 sheep and a 75-600,000 pound annual production of wool makes her the leading sheep and wool state in the Nation, with more than twice the number and production of the second ranking state. The industry contributed \$31,158,000 to the agricultural income of the state in 1938. The sheep industry has largely centered on the Edwards Plateau of Southwest Texas, but of late years has spread to the Great Plains, North Central Texas, and East Texas.

81,209 MALARIA
Cases reported in the U. S. in 1938:
Don't Delay!
START TODAY with **666**
666 Checks Malaria in seven days

WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE
Has long been used for expelling round worms in children. Price 35c.
Windrow Drug Store

IT WILL PAY YOU TO KNOW THE FACTS ABOUT YOUR EYES.

V. A. CROW
Jeweler and Optometrist

RUBBER STAMPS
ORDER YOURS AT
THE ANVIL HERALD OFFICE

SEE HONDO LAND CO.

FOR FARMS, RANCHES AND TOWN PROPERTY

PHONES 127 AND 172

ANNE ELIZABETH DAVIS
NOTARY PUBLIC
Office at
The Anvil Herald Office
Phone 127 Hondo, Texas

Medina County Abstract Co.
(INCORPORATED)
H. E. HAASS, Manager
EMIL BRITSCH, Asst. Manager.
HONDO TEXAS
Complete Tract indexes, Complete Abstracts of Title and Complete sets of Maps and Plats of all tracts of lands and lots in Medina county, together with years of experience, places us in a position to give you promptly an accurate and complete Abstract of Title. Maps of Medina County, showing Surveys, etc., for sale.

FOR RELIEF from Headaches Simple Neuralgia or Muscular Pains
DR. MILES' ANTI-PAIN PILLS

If you never have it, just be thankful. Headaches take a lot of the joy out of life for most of us.

If you suffer, as most of us do, from an occasional headache, take DR. MILES' ANTI-PAIN PILLS. You will find them pleasant to take and unusually prompt and effective in action. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are also recommended for Neuralgia, and for Muscular Pains.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills do not upset the stomach nor leave you with a doze, drugged feeling.

At Your Drug Store:
125 Tablets \$1.00
25 Tablets 25c

THE DR. MILES' ANTI-PAIN PILLS

WOODLAWN DAIRY
GET YOUR
MILK AND CREAM
FROM US—
LOUIS A. STIEGLER
Proprietor

H. J. MEYER, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
Res. Phone 80
JOHN H. MEYER, D. D. S.
General Dentistry
Res. Phone 47
WALTER B. MEYER, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
Res. Phone 95
Offices Over Red & White Store
HONDO, TEXAS
Office Phone 81

J. R. Chancey
FIRE, TORNADO, LIABILITY, AUTOMOBILE, PLATE GLASS AND BURGLARY INSURANCE.
SURETY BONDS
Law Office of L. J. Brucks

The HONDO NATIONAL BANK
HONDO, TEXAS
Loans made on Safe and Conservative Basis to All Customers Alike
YOUR BUSINESS APPRECIATED
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

TRAVELERS HOTEL
NAGEL & WUEST
SAN ANTONIO
SINGLE RATE
\$150 AND \$200
WHY PAY MORE

SAN ANTONIO BUSINESS COLLEGE
ESTABLISHED 1887

Now under the presidency of H. G. Woodfin, former President of Nixon-Clay College, of Austin. Mr. Woodfin has moved the school into the beautiful Teachers Annuity Building one half block north-east of the St. Anthony Hotel, overlooking Travis Park. Besides being located in downtown San Antonio the school is newly equipped throughout. New members of the faculty other than Mr. Woodfin as President, are H. E. Lucas of Austin, W. J. Payne, former superintendent of one of the state's largest schools, Ivan McNeil and Nettie Blackburn. All accredited courses taught.

Mail Coupon below for Free Information.
Name _____
Address _____
SAN ANTONIO BUSINESS COLLEGE
407 EAST TRAVIS ST., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

NEW! AMAZING! Beauty Shop Curls
This New Easy Way
Here's all you do . . .

Roll the Comb Roll Curl There's your Curl

Simple As . . .

A Comb with Stationary End

B Comb with Curling End

C Comb with Curling End

Simply..Curl As You Comb
with the NEW "AUTOMATIC" Roll Curl
TRADE MARK PAT. NO. 2,154,255

Summer is here . . . hats go off . . . your hair is hung to the breeze! What do you do for unruly locks? How do you keep your curls CURLED? With troublesome curlers? With tricky gadgets? Your troubles are over now with the new "Automatic" Rollcurl. A regular comb at one end and a magic disappearing comb at the other, you simply curl as you comb. At your local department stores, and 25c chain stores; or by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 25c. Use coupon below NOW!

25c
A NEW LOW PRICE

For all Types of Curls, Ringlets, etc.

ROLLOCURL CORP.
126 West 46th Street
New York, N. Y.

Send one "Automatic" Rollcurl. 25c enclosed.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

The LaCoste Ledger.

GROFF-HAASS.

Miss Lena Geiger of San Antonio visited over the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Geiger. Mr. and Mrs. Matt Badger moved

HONDO HATCHERY MAN VISITS
LACOSTE.

Clarence Mumme, hatchery man at

LIVESTOCK MARKET.

offerings scarce. Market about steady. Stocker lambs active at \$5.00 to \$8.00. Fat shorn matured wethers cashed mostly at \$3.00 to \$3.50. Shorn Angora goats \$1.75, some un-

From The Devine News.

ABOUT PEOPLE
YOU KNOW

From The Brackett News-Mail.
Mrs. E. Sauer and her daughters,

From The La Pryor New Era
Mrs. George Tondre and baby
daughter Sharon, returned home
Sunday from the Uvalde hospital.

A Pryor New Era
Tendons and

grown and shoots down a longer root
in one year than alfalfa sends down
in 3 years.

— :: —

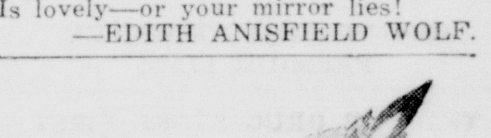
We do all kinds of PRINTING.

"Ho-o-t ta-mal-e-e-s!"
The little greaser with the grin
Pushing through the street
His cart of hot tamales hot.
You wonder if that's all he knows,

rough the street


UNITED


C O R P O R A



The Better Heat-Better Health Girl

BETTER HEAT-BETTER HEALTH


Tiny Flame says: Better Heat for Better Health means so much to those who have it that they want to tell you how they feel about it. So we're going to print in the Company's advertising timonials from Bett who live right in yo



Tiny Flame says:
Use Better Heat
for Better Health!

● **Believe** these people who own and enjoy Better Heating in their homes—they've used it, and they know! Call the Gas Company and ask for a heating survey—it's **FREE!** Then you'll have all the facts. **Act today!**

LET

BUY FROM YOUR DEALER

UNITED GAS

UNITED GAS

LET *Gas* DO THE 5 BIG JOBS

COOKING
WATER HEATING
REFRIGERATION
HOUSE HEATING
AIR CONDITIONING

LOCAL & PERSONAL

Teachers
And College Students,
Have your home paper
Follow you to your school.
It will be a weekly news letter
From home and cost only \$1.00
For the duration of the school term.

In your preparations provide for the visits
Of your home town paper to you every week!

P. F. Eckhart was a business caller at this office Wednesday.

Harvey Schweers had his tonsils removed August 21st at Medina Hospital.

Hugh Meyer is spending several days with relatives in Ellinger and LaGrange.

Miss Selma Hutzler of Castroville had her tonsils removed August 31st at Medina Hospital.

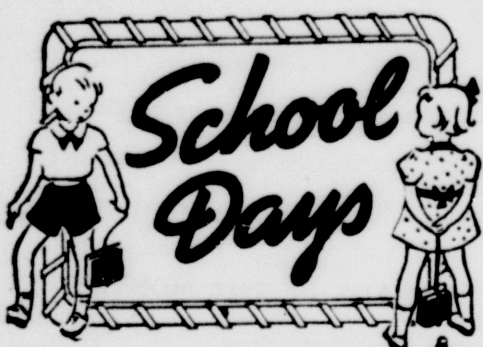
Miss Laura Geiger of San Antonio had a tonsilectomy performed August 28th at Medina Hospital.

DR. TAYLOR, DENTIST, OFFICE AT RESIDENCE (1 block E. of courthouse), PHONE 39.

Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic \$1.00 value, Lucky Tiger Shampoo 50c value, Both for 79c at FLY DRUG CO.

For Sale, One good horse-drawn McCormick mower and one good one-horse hay press. Call at MILLER'S SERVICE STATION.

WINDROW DRUG NEW



HEADQUARTERS

for
MASTERPIECE

and

Shaeffer Supplies

COME IN BEFORE THE RUSH FOR THESE—

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------|
| Pencil Clips | 2 for 5c |
| Lunch Boxes | 22c |
| Pencil Sharpeners | 5c |
| Compasses | 8c |
| Water Colors, 8's | 23c |
| Initial Pencils | 2 for 5c |
| Thumb Tacks | 5c and 10c |
| Pen and Pencil Combinations | 23c |
| School Scissors | 9c |
| Eraser Tips, each | 1c |
| Loose Leaf Binders | 9c and up |
| Dictionaries | 10c and up |

GET YOUR MASTERPIECE PREMIUM LIST!

WINDROW DRUG STORE

Serving Medina County Schools Since 1898

NEW RADIO PROGRAM.

"Texas Tall Tales" is the name of a new radio program heard over WOAI each Tuesday evening at 6:45 and which is brought to you by your local Alamo Lumber Company. This program dramatizes and acts out three of the best "Tall Tales" submitted the week before and pays \$5.00 for each tale used. Each tale is also entered on the final Grand Prize of \$100 cash for the best Tall Tale of all.

Think of some of the "Whoppers" that you heard or know of, write in as few words as possible on a sheet of paper or go by the local Alamo Lumber Co. office and get an entry card and send it to Texas Tall Tales, Radio Station WOAI, 1031 Navarro St., San Antonio, Texas. Then listen each Tuesday evening to hear your tale or one of your neighbor's tales acted out. Entries must be mailed Thursday to get on the following Tuesday's program. For further details inquire at your local Alamo Lumber Co. office.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Aug. 16, Guadalupe Suniga and Manuela Castro.

Aug. 16, Louis F. Hudler and Leo Lurline Kelley.

Aug. 17, Apalonio Solis and Lasaria Mascorro.

Aug. 17, Louis A. Tyler and Mary Finn Ash.

Aug. 19, George C. Goffinett and Mildred Marie Martin.

Aug. 30, Edward S. Koch and Mrs. May Theresa Schweers.

Aug. 30, Antonio Martinez and Eulalia Ramoz.

NEW AUTO REGISTRATIONS.

Aug. 17, A. C. Moore, Hondo, Ford coupe.

Aug. 19, R. B. Carpenter, Devine, Chevrolet sedan.

Aug. 22, Schott Bros., Castroville, Dodge truck.

Aug. 22, Valinda Farms, Inc., Hondo, Ford truck.

Aug. 25, L. F. Tolleson, Natalia, Ford truck.

WANTED

Infertile or Fertile Eggs; Hens Fryers. See me for prices.
C. U. BARRIENTES.

BATTERIES

Double trade-in allowance for your old battery on a new WIZARD during our Sale.

WESTERN AUTO ASSOCIATE STORE

H. W. Kollman—Hondo

MEET ME AT



THE PLAZA BAR
Schuehle & Saathoff, Props.

Barbecue

Tuesdays and
Saturdays

Bob Cat Grill

We Appreciate
Your reports
Of local and personal
Items to the paper
Remember to tell it to phone 127
Or drop us a note in the postoffice.

WINDROW'S orders flowers. tf
ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM.
LEINWEBER'S.

For the famous no-sag gate see the HONDO LUMBER CO.

Fruits and candies of all kinds, at CARLE'S CONFECTIONERY. tf

SATURDAY, SEPT. 2nd, IS LAST DAY OF OUR SALE. WESTERN AUTO ASSOCIATE STORE.

Cooper's Cattle Dip, testing fluid and tablets. Cutter Blackleg Vaccine.—Large supply at WINDROW DRUG STORE.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Wiemers visited Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Moore in San Angelo Monday and Tuesday. The ladies are sisters.

Gladys, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Tondre, of Castroville, underwent a tonsilectomy at Medina Hospital on August 22nd.

Mr. and Mrs. Lacy McCall of College Station were guests of Mr. McCall's sister Mrs. Isaac Wilson, several days last week.

Just received a shipment of Parker Pens, priced from \$1.25 to \$8.75. School will soon start, make your selection now at FLY DRUG CO. 2t.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Tschirhart of LaCoste are being congratulated on the birth of a 9½-pound baby girl August 31, 1939, at Medina Hospital.

Dorothy and Anthony Mechler, children of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Mechler of San Antonio, had their tonsils removed on August 21st at Medina Hospital.

Misses Lela Grace Jo and Kathleen Reilly returned last week from San Marcos where they attended both the summer sessions at South Texas State Teachers College.

Mrs. George Gilliam and daughters of Corpus Christi are here visiting her mother, Mrs. Isaac Wilson. They will be joined later by Mr. Gilliam on a trip to Carlsbad Caverns.

Ernest Muennink, son of the Hy. Muenninks of New Fountain, underwent an appendix operation August 27 at Medina Hospital. He is able to be moved here in town today.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Kimmey had as their guest last week-end, Mrs. Kimmey's sister, Mrs. J. C. Perkins, two sons, Dorman and Odum, and daughter, Kathleen, from Cal. Texas.

Special Ford and Chevrolet mechanic work done at my place west of Hondo bridge. All work guaranteed or no pay.

3tpd. P. F. ECKHART.

Mrs. J. A. Haby, her two daughters, Misses Hattie and Lora, and a son, L. B. Haby, were down from Utopia Tuesday on business and while here paid our office a business call.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Morris from near Yancey are the happy parents of a 7-pound 14-ounce baby boy, born August 24, 1939, at Medina Hospital. Mrs. Morris was formerly Miss Kate Henderson of Hondo.

Mrs. Carrie Cameron and daughter, Bonnie Jack, arrived home last week from a visit to Lexington, Kentucky. They spent several days in Temple with Mr. and Mrs. Wood Cameron and little daughter before returning to Hondo.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Knorr arrived from California and after a few days visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Haass, left this morning for Corpus Christi. They made the trip from Fresno, Calif., a distance of over 1600 miles, in two days.

Foot Itch Stopped

"RINGWORM"

TUCKO FOOT REMEDY kills the ring-worm parasite that causes the burning, itching, scaly, moist condition known as Athlete's Foot. TUCKO heals like magic—gives prompt relief, stops the itching. Druggists sell TUCKO on a money-back guarantee.

WINDROW DRUG STORE

FACULTY HONDO PUBLIC SCHOOLS COMPLETED.

Hondo Public Schools open Monday, September 4, at 8:45 A. M., with J. Gordon Barry, M. A., again as Superintendent of Schools and M. L. McDowell, B. A., high school principal and teacher of mathematics. The faculty for the Hondo Public Schools for the 1939-1940 term is complete except for assistant to the principal of the Negro school.

The faculty is as follows:
J. Gordon Barry, M. A., Supt. of Schools.

High School.

M. L. McDowell, B. A., High School Principal and mathematics.

Miss Lucille Johnson of San Marcos, B. A., English.

C. D. Sadler, B. S., Vocational Agriculture.

Ira Walker, of Commerce, B. A., commercial subjects and assistant coach.

T. D. Bridges, of Sabinal, B. A., Social sciences and coach.

Miss Helen Crawford, of Cisco, M. A., Spanish and girls' physical education.

E. L. Rabb, of Weimar, B. A., science and mathematics.

Miss Martha Leila Martin of Hillsboro, B. S., home economics.

Mrs. C. D. Sadler, B. A., B. M., Choral club.

Elementary School

Miss Emma Hodges, of Bandera, B. S., social sciences.

Miss Helen Holcombe of San Marcos, B. A., English.

Miss Helen Jackson, of San Antonio, B. A., mathematics.

Miss Laurinda Rothe, of D'Hanis, B. A., fourth grade.

Miss Alta Fay Horton of Princeton, B. S., third grade and public school music.

Miss Eddie Connor of Dangerfield, B. S., second grade.

Miss Willie D. Fly, primary.

Ward School

Milton Haegelin, B. S., Principal.

Adolph Lutz, B. S., Intermediate grades.

Mrs. Caroline Cameron, B. A., second grade.

Miss Lucille Newton, B. A., primary.

Negro School

E. H. Harris, B. S., Principal.

Position of assistant not yet filled. The High School pupils, according to M. L. McDowell, principal, will register as follows:

Friday, 9 A. M., 11th grade.

Friday, 1 P. M., 10th grade.

Saturday, 9 A. M., 9th grade.

Saturday, 1 P. M., 8th grade.

TO STAR ROUTE PATRONS.

About 25 boxes have been erected on the recent extension of the Yancey Star Route, which serves the Elstone Community. Others have expressed their intention of taking advantage of this daily mail service.

Service on this extension was authorized by the Post Office Department, effective August 16, 1939. Others living on or near the route can become patrons of it by erecting regulation mail boxes.

All patrons of the Yancey Star Route, and especially those new ones on the recent extension, are again reminded that the carrier on the star route is not required to sell stamps nor to pick up unstamped letters even when the pennies are placed in the box. All letters should be stamped and those wanting to mail letters should provide themselves with stamps in advance. Stamps in books for your convenience are on sale at all post offices, twelve 3c stamps in a book sells for 37c or twenty-four 3c stamps in a book may be bought for 73c.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Sunday, September 3: English services at 10:00; Sunday school and Bible class at 9:00.

Wednesday, September 6: Ladies' Aid meeting in the home of Mrs. Wm. Mussman, beginning at 3:00 P. M.

FOR SALE.

Extra good Rambouillet ram, 21 months old. Inquire this office.

Do You read
The German language?
If so then let us forward
Your subscription for you
To the Freie Presse fuer Texas.
The big German Language Texas newspaper.
It and FARMING both one year for only \$2.00.

Flowers for all occasions. Order from ROTHE'S CONFECTIONERY.

One cent sale on Jeris Hair Tonic, Two 75c bottles for 76c at FLY DRUG CO.

NEW FALL HATS, JANICE LINE EXCLUSIVELY, AT HOLLMIG'S DRESS SHOP.

We are your Headquarters, see us for all your School Supplies—WINDROW DRUG STORE.

For Hemstitching see Mrs. R. W. Speece, at residence opposite north-west corner of courthouse.

SMART NEW FALL DRESSES FROM \$1.98 TO \$6.98, ALL SIZES AND COLORS AT HOLLMIG'S DRESS SHOP.

Our places of business will be closed next Monday, September 4th, on account of Labor Day. Barnes, Beal and Laake, Barbers.

Renew your subscription for the San Antonio Express at the Anvil Herald office. Special low cost clubbing rate with Farming.

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Laake and daughter, Kay Frances, spent several days in Yoakum with Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Matocha and family.

C. W. Constable of San Antonio, selling the Permatit water softener, was here Tuesday on business with W. H. Case, the local distributor.

Mrs. Emil Graff was a pleasant business caller at this office Thursday. She was accompanied by her grand-daughter, Miss Elsie Boehle.

Mrs. Richard Reilly successfully underwent a major operation on August 26 at Medina Hospital and is reported doing satisfactorily at this time.

FOR SALE, the Mrs. Mae Schweers two-story residence, one block south of the highway. For price, terms, etc., see Mrs. Schweers on the premises.

Again this year, we will give a cup of ICE CREAM with each purchase of school supplies amounting to 25c or more. This offer good beginning SEPT. 1st thru 10th at FLY DRUG CO.

LAKE BARBER SHOP FOR NEAT HAIRCUTS, COOL SHAVES, AND SHAMPOOS THAT ARE DIFFERENT (BECAUSE SOFT WATER IS USED) AT NO EXTRA COST.

Messrs. R. M. and "Gip" Chapman, Clarence Mumme, Mervin Batot, Arnold Mussman, and Aaron Bendele attended a barbecue at New Braunfels Sunday, given by the Union Feed Company of San Antonio.

Miss Clara Bendele spent the week-end with homefolks in Devine. She returned to her work in Superintendent Schweers' office Monday, having been accompanied to Hondo by her father, Emil Bendele.

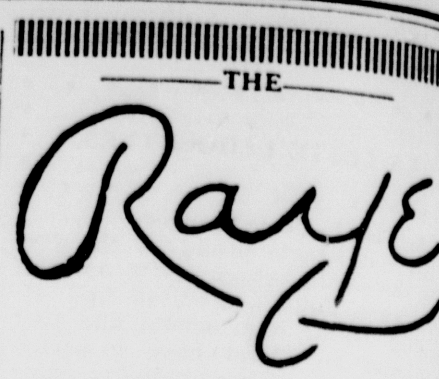
The St. John's School of Hondo will open for the 1939-40 school term Tuesday, September 5th. Registration for the school will take place from today (Friday) when the sisters will arrive. The school will be under the supervision of Sister M. Ignatus and she will be assisted by three other sisters.

Emil Bendele was up from Devine Monday on business and while here paid our office an appreciated call. Mr. Bendele's children are now grown and he has turned his fine Francisco valley farms over to the boys and he and Mrs. Bendele are making their home in the town of Devine.

H. J. Zeller, of San Antonio, representing the Fairbanks-Morse Company, was a business visitor to Hondo Wednesday. Mr. Zeller contacts all the electrical enterprises under construction in Texas and was of the opinion that the progress being made on the local project is among the best if not the very best now being done in Texas.

Mr. E. C. de Montel and son, Ed, and daughter, Annie, were here from Wichita Falls last Thursday, visiting his parents, Judge and Mrs. Ed de Montel. Mr. de Montel's two daughters, Annie and Helen, will leave next month to re-enter Randolph Mason College while Ed will enter his freshman year at Kemper Military Academy at Missouri.

Messrs. Russell Chapman, Gibson Chapman, Clarence Mumme, Arnold Mussman, Aaron Bendele and Mervin Batot attended the annual picnic of the Union Feed Company at Comal Park at New Braunfels last Saturday and Sunday. About 200 dealers were present. A good time was reported by all with plenty of entertainment and eats.



FRIDAY - SATURDAY

September 1st-2nd
DENNIS O'KEEFE
FLORENCE RICE

"The Kid From Texas"

A fast-talking Texas cowpuncher bragged a great game of polo and surprised everybody by delivering the goods.

ALSO CHAPTER THREE OF

"Daredevils OF THE RED CIRCLE"

And A Short Subject
"TINY TROUBLES"

SUNDAY - MONDAY

September 3rd-4th
LIONEL BARRYMORE
BOBS WATSON
UNA MERKEL

"On Borrowed Time"

A great star at the peak of his career! A great kid at the start of his!

Also Short Subject
"CULINARY CARVING"

TUESDAY - WEDNESDAY - THURSDAY

September 5-6-7
JACK BENNY
DOROTHY LAMOUR
EDWARD ARNOLD

"Man About Town"

Buck Benny scores again... tangling with London's titled Society in the season's laugh sensation.

Also Comedy And Paramount New Reel

COMING
THE LANE SISTERS and
JOHN GARFIELD

"Daughters Courageous"

SHOW NOW STARTS AT 8 P. M.
SATURDAYS AT 7:45 P. M.
Matinee—Saturday only, 2:30 P. M.

THE RAYE

Make Your plans
To attend the dance
On the streets of Hondo
September 2nd, benefit
Hondo Volunteer Fire Company.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM RUGS. LEINWEBER'S.

Phone in your news items—your friends want to know about you.

Get your building material from the HONDO LUMBER CO.

FOR SALE—Gas cook stove, priced to sell at \$5.00. MRS. SADIE HUTZLER, Hondo.

Renew your subscription for the Freie Presse fuer Texas at the Anvil Herald office. Special low cost clubbing rate with Farming.

FOURTEEN LOTS, CLEANED AND WELL GRADED, FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN, IN L. J. SCHMIDT'S ADDITION, HONDO.

TRADE YOUR OLD CAR BATTERY IN ON A NEW WIZARD AND RECEIVE DOUBLE TRADE-IN ALLOWANCE SATURDAY, SEPT. 2nd. WESTERN ASSOCIATE STORE.

H. E. HAASS, Attorney-at-Law, Surveyor's Office, Courthouse, Hondo, Texas. All legal matters carefully attended to, in all courts of Texas. Manager Medina County Abstract Company.

Clinton Jagge returned home Friday from Dallas where he had been attending a summer session of the Southern Methodist University Law School. Mr. P. C. Jagge went to Dallas and accompanied his son home.

The Anvil Herald will be a weekly news-letter to those away at school. If you are a teacher or a student let the paper follow you to your new home and keep informed of the happenings among the home-folks. It will be mailed to you anywhere for the length of your school term for only \$1.00. Let ordering the paper be one of your "going-away" preparations.

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College Students, remember to lay in a supply of Toilet articles, Stationery, Fountain Pens, Pencils, etc., before leaving home. We are waiting to fill your orders at FLY DRUG CO. 2t

Mrs. J. G. Mechler was an appreciated caller at this office Thursday and joined our corps of readers. Mr. and Mrs. Mechler moved here several weeks ago from Dunlay and are residing in the Callie Bendele cottage. Mr. Mechler is a Watkins Products salesman.

Mrs. K. B. Schilling and daughter, Miss Shirley, left Tuesday for Sardis, Mississippi, where they will join Capt. Schilling who is supervising engineer of the Sardis dam now under construction near that place. Mrs. Schilling and daughter had been on a several weeks visit to their parents and grandparents, Judge and Mrs. Ed de Montel. Miss Shirley will be a student at St. Agnes Academy in Memphis, Tenn., the coming season.

Preparations are being completed for the grand street dance and carnival to be held here tomorrow night. There will be ample room for as many as care to do so to dance, and for those not so inclined there will be other amusements. The proceeds will be devoted to the benefit of the Volunteer Fire Company, and so while enjoying yourself you will have the further pleasure of helping protect your own and your neighbor's property. Come to the dance and carnival tomorrow night.

Misses Octavia and Anne Davis returned Wednesday evening from a ten days' vacation with relatives and friends. They spent several days with their brother, F. M. Davis and family, at Paris, Texas, and on Tuesday of last week Miss Anne Davis left for Memphis, Tenn., where she was the guest of her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Doty, for a week. While there she spent the week-end with relatives in North Mississippi, and left for Texas Monday. Miss Octavia Davis joined her brother and his family on a four days outing to Galveston, Texas, returning to Paris Monday. They were accompanied back to Hondo by Mrs. James Lee West Jr. and little daughter, Beth, who had been visiting their parents and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bradford, at Temple, Texas.

HARRY E. FILLEMAN



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PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Next to their operations, people like to talk about their vacations. . . . We are no different from the next fellow except that our vacations are few and far between . . . so we ask your indulgence while we write about ours.

Three days before our holiday started we had no intention of taking any time off save for a week-end now and then . . . but we discovered that the more unexpected and the least anticipated the vacation the more pleasure realized. P. A. left Hondo at 8:30 A. M. Sunday, in company with Octavia Davis; our cousin, Robert Lockhart Harris, who was returning to his home in North Mississippi; and Mrs. J. L. West Jr. and daughter, Beth, who stopped over in Temple. We reached Dallas in time to visit several hours and have supper with friends, and then on our way to Paris, Texas, which we reached a little after 1 A. M. Monday.

There we were guests of our brother, F. M. Davis, and family and joined them Monday evening on a swimming party and picnic at Fannin Lake near Bonham and a quick auto drive into Oklahoma. P. A. and her cousin then left Paris at 3 A. M. Tuesday in time to catch the 6:45 A. M. bus out of Texarkana for Memphis, Tenn. We reached that city on the Mississippi about 4:30 P. M., after an hour stop-over in Little Rock, Arkansas, and an hour's delay due to a heavy downpour of rain and some hail. We enjoyed the fragrance and beauty of the pine trees along our route and the blue haze over the Mississippi as we crossed the big bridge into the city.

There P. A. was the guest of her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Doty, and every minute of our stay was made enjoyable by their thoughtfulness and their hospitality.

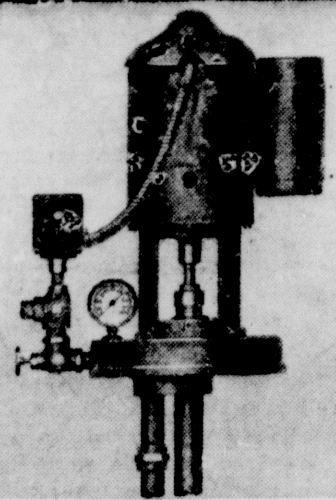
Many interesting and new features were provided for our entertainment. While in Memphis we saw our first prize fight, which consisted of a series of amateur intercity bouts between Kansas City and Memphis before the main fight, and the latter was the exciting event of watching a Mississippi youth weighing 33 pounds less than his Kansas City foe, knock out Tony Novak, 226-pound National A. A. U. and Golden Gloves champion. We had our first taste of Memphis night life, Italian food and a midnight supper of catfish caught right out of the Mississippi River. We picnicked in one of the beautifully wooded parks of Memphis, visited with relatives there, and took in the sights in and near the city. Friends and relatives did everything to make every occasion a memorable and happy one and we thank them for it.

Among the highlights of our visit was a trip to the Shiloh National Park, 125 miles from Memphis.

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HONDO, TEXAS

where a guide conducted our tour over what was once a bloody battlefield of the Civil War. We visited the National Cemetery there, overlooking the peaceful Tennessee River, with magnificent Magnolia trees, a green carpet of grass marked by rows of white stones, mocking birds singing and such a peace and quiet about us that we had a terrific lump in our throat that stayed there until we were well on our way. On the same trip we visited the Pickwick Dam, one of the Tennessee Valley Authority projects on the Tennessee Valley and saw how boats slip through the lock, a principal similar to that used on the Panama Canal.

A never-to-be-forgotten event was the dancing party in our honor on the roof of Hotel Peabody, one of the largest hotels in the South, to the music of Harry Owens and his Royal Hawaiian Orchestra. We were over twenty stories closer to a very bewitching moon, lights were soft, the music dreamy, and we felt much farther from home than the almost 1,000 miles we were actually. We danced during their national radio broadcast and could feel the trade winds and imagine ourselves in Hawaii when the hula-hula girls danced during the floor show.

On our all too brief stay in North Mississippi we were guests of our cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Polk Martin, and at a watermelon feast made the acquaintance of many new cousins gained both by marriage and by birth in the thirteen years since our last visit there. While there we attended a real, old-time country dance, where the one-step was the favorite dance, and the orchestra was made up of two fiddles and a guitar. A native Texan was somewhat of a curiosity and we were stared at almost to the point of embarrassment, were asked if we could ride a horse "rodeo-style"—and even had "Beautiful Texas" played and sung for our special benefit. Early the next morning we rode horseback in the bottom lands of Bear Tail Creek, shut in on both sides by tall trees and where we could hear the crows calling off in the woods.

Our uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Davis, and our cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Roper, also made our stay in Memphis pleasant and with their grand Southern-style cooking, along with the fried chicken, hot biscuits, country cured ham and home-made ice cream, we got everywhere we went, helped add the five pounds we brought back to Texas with us.

We left Memphis at 9:30 A. M. Monday by bus, and were met at 6 P. M. at Texarkana by Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Davis and sons and Miss Octavia Davis, who were enroute to Paris from a four-day outing on the Gulf at Galveston. We reached Paris at 9 P. M., and after spending Tuesday there, mostly sleeping the hours away, left early Wednesday morning for home—and so back to work.

Our visit was longer than we had planned, but at that we had to forego the pleasure of attending the wedding of a cousin this Saturday, a

fishing trip on the Mississippi River, a fish fry, a camping trip to Moon Lake, a possum hunt, and many other events planned for our visit. Perhaps we'll get to do them next year.

The name "Texas" spreads a little glamour wherever you go, and some of the questions asked us were: "What do you think of Garner for President? (They're for him!) . . . "What is the meaning of the expression, "Pass the biscuits, Pappy"? . . . "How far do you live from Mexico?" . . . Can you talk Spanish?" . . . but the one we liked to answer most was "Won't you have another piece of chicken?"

HONDO HAS ANOTHER FIRE.

Another of the far too frequent fires occurred a little after noon of last Tuesday when flames from an unknown cause broke out in the interior of the Hollaway seed house on the railroad right-of-way near the gin. The building, which was an old one and in a state of more or less decay, contained a quantity of decaying hay. Fire originated in this hay and the whole interior was a mass of roaring flames when discovered.

The fire company responded with both fire engines and in a very short time the fire was extinguished and other buildings only a few feet away were saved from any damage. A hose was laid from the hydrant at the Boon corner on Front and Bandera Streets. With this the firemen attacked the flames on the north side while the booster pump engine was run in on the south side and the combined flow of water soon had the fire extinguished.

This is the first real test of the combined power of the two engines and the result was highly gratifying to the property owners of the town.

Final compilation of valley grapefruit shipments, announced by the growers industry committee, showed 10,296,435 boxes had been disposed of. The total set a new record. The report also showed 2,983,310 boxes of fruit had been used by canning plants, while 5,969,774 had been shipped into commercial channels by rail, truck and boat.

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R. E. A. NEWS.

Mr. Bardin, Supt., announced that work will start on the moving of the telephone poles on the Yancey Road. Material has already been ordered for this work. The Cooperative decided through its Board of Directors at the regular meeting Tuesday night, August 29, to go ahead with this work immediately so that the contractor will have no delay in the construction of the electric lines south towards Yancey and Biry. Previously, the Cooperative had planned to use N. Y. A. labor, but because of the delay in securing an N. Y. A. Project, it was decided to go ahead with paid labor.

The Wholesale Power Contract has been signed by the officials of the San Antonio Public Service Co., from whom the Cooperative will purchase its wholesale power for distribution to its members. The contract is now in Washington for approval.

Mr. A. W. Harder has resigned as Superintendent of construction for the P. E. Workman Construction Co. to take over another position in Crosbyton, Texas. Mr. D. E. Pogue has been promoted to the post left vacant by Mr. Harder's resignation.

Mr. W. B. Faucett, Field clerk for the Workman concern, reports that all the material, except the transformers for the sub-station has been received. An earth-boring machine has been put in service on the South Portion of the Project in hopes of speeding up construction on this section.

It won't be long now. Plans have already been started for a big energization ceremony. Perhaps a big barbecue. Mr. Bardin asks the members to send in suggestions for this ceremony. Let's make it a big event.

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WINTER'S WIND AND TREES

The wind that swept in from the north
Left nude the trees that shed their leaves;
Scattered rust-red, bronze and golden brown,
And swept fields all bare with gusty heaves.
The gaunt bare trees lift to the sky
Mute limbs in humble supplication,
high.

Their forms the prayer in lonely hearts.
Stark silhouette in grandeur looms
Against the mountains deep winter blue;
Gray, motionless as the deserts' tomb!

The wind has ceased with its mirthless joy
Left leaves and sand and broken limb
Strewn o'er the fields and countryside
And trees form ghost shapes vague and dim.

GOD, from His throne up in the Heavens,
Looks kindly down on barren land
And lends a moon of splendor wrought
Clothes with silver nude trees and drifted sand.

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The Settling of the Sage

By
Hal G. Evarts

Splendid story of the cattle country, full of action, adventure, gun play, cattle rustling, the round up, and romance. Cal Harris, the hero; Billie Warren, the heroine; Slade, the villain and many others take part in this epic of ranch life.

Billie left them together and the sheriff squatted on his heels.

"What's this rumor about your farming the Three Bar?" he asked. "Horne said all the hands were guessing, but I haven't heard anything about it outside."

"And I don't want it leaking out before we start," Harris said. "But we're going to break out the flat. I had the plans all laid and sent word off. Things are moving toward the start right now."

"It'll stir things up," Alden predicted. With one forefinger he traced a design in the dust, then blotted it out. "I'll play in with you the best I can."

"We've got to make a clean split," Harris said. "Get the wild ones definitely set apart. Then they can be handled."

Alden was regarding old Rile Foster who had drawn apart from the rest and was eating his meal in solitude. The old man had taken a boot heel from his pocket and was studying it as if fascinated by the somber reflections it roused in him. Alden shook his head as he rose and moved toward the wagon.

"Horne was telling me about Bangs too," he said. "Pretty tough for little. They was as close as father and son those two."

Harris and the sheriff joined the rest at the wagon and held out plates and cups to Waddles. The girl was oddly excited, anxious for the start, now that the decision had been made.

"How long will it take to get things moving after we get back?" she asked. "Not more than a week at the outside," Harris said. "Probably less."

"You don't mean that?" she stated. "I want to know the truth."

"You have it," he assured her. "I had the plans all laid. Our crew is already headed for the Three Bar. Before they get there every man will have filed on a quarter I designated for him. Inside a week we'll have covered the flat."

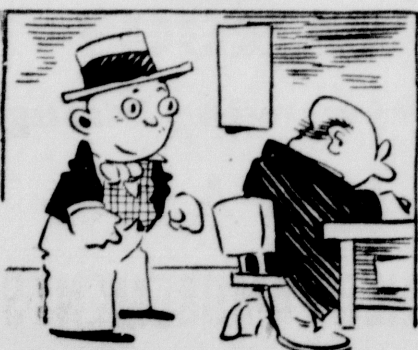
Long after the hands had turned in for the night she heard a faint murmur of voices and looked from her teepee. The brilliant moonlight showed Harris and the sheriff sitting off by themselves. For no apparent reason she thought of Carlos Deane and, point by point, she contrasted him with the man who sat talking to the sheriff. Each was almost super-efficient in his own chosen line and she caught herself wondering what each one would do if suddenly transplanted to the environment of the other. Then her mind occupied itself with Harris who would soon break out the first plow furrow that had ever scarred the range within a radius of fifty miles and she pictured again a sign she had seen that day: "Squatter let your wagon wheels keep turning."

CHAPTER VI

Three heavy wagons, each drawn by four big mules, traveled north along the Colderiver stage trail. Every wagon was loaded to the brim of the triple box. Two men were mounted on each wagon seat, the man beside the driver balancing a rifle across his knees.

"Nice place to camp, Tiny," said the guard on the lead wagon. He pointed

A GOOD CATCH



"Singular, isn't it, that neither of your stenographers wants a vacation this year?"

"No, it's easily explained. I recently took a good-looking young man into the office and neither of the girls is willing to go away and leave the field to the other one."

off across a flat beside the road toward a sign that loomed in the center. The black-browed giant designated as Tiny swung the mules off the road and headed for the sign. The three wagons were drawn up some fifteen yards apart in the shape of a triangle, the mules unhitched and given a feed of grain from nose-bags, tied to the wagons and supplied with baled hay. Tiny walked over and viewed the sign.

"Squatter don't let sunset find you here," he read.

"It's about that time now," he observed, squinting over his shoulder. "It'd be a mistake to leave evidence like that around." He tore down the sign and worked it into firewood with an ax. "Now they can't do nothing to us for drifting in here by error," he remarked to his companions. "It wouldn't be fair."

In the morning the three wagons lumbered on. Near sunset they passed another sign where the Three Bar road branched off to the left. Tiny pulled up the mules.

"Uproot that little beauty, Russet," he advised. "We're getting close to home."

The carrot-haired guard descended and threw his weight against the sign, working it from side to side until the posts were loosened in the ground, pried it up and loaded it on the wagon.

"Quick work, Russ," the big man complimented. "For a little sawed-off runt, you're real spry and active. He clucked to the mules and they settled steadily into the collars and moved on to the Three Bar.

The Three Bar men viewed the freighters curiously as they swung the mule team in front of the blacksmith shop, noted the rifle in the hands of each guard and a second one in easy reach of each driver. They knew what this portended.

The freighters had stripped off the wagon-sheet lashed across the top of each load and the Three Bar men moved casually toward the wagons, curious to view the contents.

"You boys get to knowing each other," Harris said. "These mule-skinners will be hanging out at the Three Bar from now on."

All down the line the Three Bar men were getting acquainted with the freighters. A thousand pounds of oats were tossed from the top of the first wagon and when the concealing sacks were cleared away there were three heavy plows showing underneath, the spaces between them filled with shining coils of fence wire. The second load consisted of a dismantled drill, a crate of long-handled shovels, and more barbed wire; the third held a rake and a mowing machine, more wire, kegs of fence staples and a dozen forks.

"The Three Bar will be the middle point of a cyclone," Moore prophesied as he viewed the implements. "Just as soon as this leaks out."

"We fetched our cyclone openers with us," Russ assured him. "Let her buck."

From the cook-shack door the girl viewed these preparations, then turned her eyes to the flat and visioned it with a carpet of rippling hay.

There was a clatter of hoofs and a rattling of gravel as five horsemen put their sure-footed mounts down the steep slope two hundred yards back of the house and followed along the fence of the corral. The five Brandons had cut across the shoulder of the mountain. The girl wondered at this visit as she heard Lafe Brandon, the father and head of the tribe, ask Harris to put them up for the night.

An hour later Harris and Lafe came to her door and she let them in. "The Brandons are riding down to file on a quarter apiece," Harris said. "Art quit the wagon below their place as we came in and told the rest that we're going to farm the Three Bar."

"Then you're doing the same?" she asked Lafe with sudden hope that her brand would have company in the move.

Old man Brandon shook his head.

"Not right off," he said. "Until we see how you folks pan out. We can't fix to handle it the way you do. We're filing to protect ourselves before some nester outfit turns up at our front door."

"But the other small outfits feel the same way," Harris said. "If two of us start the rest will join in."

"Maybe so," the old man said doubtfully. "But nowadays likely they're too set on the other side." The thought was deep-rooted and he could not be moved.

"We'll let it out it's only for protection that we all are filing," he said. "And that we don't aim to prove up. The outfits that don't file now will lose out. This will always be open range, more than ninety per cent of it, and those who file on their water will control the grass. As soon as the squatters see one outfit starting, they'll take out papers on every piece of dirt they can get water on. They'll have six months to move on, then a six months' stay. They'll hang round waiting for things to open up so they can rush in here. The brand owners who haven't hedged themselves beforehand will run down to file and find that nesters have had papers on all the good places right in their doorway for months. They'll have only the plots left that their home ranch sets on, and likely no water even for that."

The Brandons stayed for the night and rode off at daylight the next morning, while the Three Bar men prepared for a trip to Brill's. As the rest were saddling for the start Harris saw old Rile Foster seated by himself, gazing off across the hills.

"Better come and ride over with

us, Rile," he urged. "Bangs would wait for you to try and forget."

The old man shook his head.

"I'm drifting today," he said. "I'll likely be back before long. I back-tracked Blue to their camp and trailed them twenty miles to where they joined another bunch. It was some of Harper's devils—I don't know which four. One way or another, whether I get the right four or not, I'm going to play even for Bangs."

There were less than a dozen others in Brill's store when the Three Bar men crowded through the door. Five men sat at one of the tables in the big room and indulged in a casual game of stud. Harper and Lang were among them. Two of them Harris knew as men named Hopkins and Wade. The fifth was unknown to him. The albino's eyes met Harris' steadily as he entered at the head of the Three Bar men.

The news that the Three Bar had turned into a squatter outfit had been widely noised abroad. From behind the bar Brill covertly studied the man who was responsible for this change. Four men from the Half-moon D stood grouped at one end of the room. They split up and mingled among the others. Brill moved up and down behind the bar, polishing it with a towel. One after another he drew each of the men from the Half-moon D into conversation with the Three Bar foreman to determine whether or not they resented his move. There was no evidence of it in their speech.

The men from the two outfits mingled as unrestrainedly as before and at last Harris smiled across at Brill.

"Well, have you sized it all up?" he asked.

The storekeeper looked up quickly, knowing that Harris had read his purpose in drawing him into conversation with the four men. He polished the bar thoughtfully, then nodded.

"A man in my business has to keep posted—both ways," he said. "I just wanted to make sure. Five years ago every man would have quit the Three Bar like a snake—feeling was that strong. But the boys drift from place to place and they've seen both ends of it. They don't give a damn one way or the other now. Why should they? They got nothing at stake. Five years ago you couldn't have hired a man to ride for you. Now they'll be pouring in asking for jobs—just because they figure there'll be some excitement on tap."

The men from the Half-moon D were due back and inside of an hour they rode off, leaving only Harris and the five card-players in the place. Harris walked over to the table and the Three Bar men shifted positions, slouching sideways at the bar or leaning with their backs to it, alertly watching this unexpected move as the foreman spoke to the albino.

"Let's you and I draw off and have a little talk," he said. "If you can spare the time."

Harper tilted up the corner of his hole-card and peeked at it, then turned his other cards face down on the table.

"Pass," he said, and rose to face Harris. "Lead the way."

Harris moved over to another table and the two men sat down, facing each other across it. He motioned to Evans and Lanky joined them. Harris plunged abruptly into what he had to say.

"First off, Harper, I want you to be straight that I'm not fool enough to threaten you—for I know you're not any more afraid of me than I am of you. This is just a little explaining, a business talk, so we'll both know where we stand. It's up to you whether we let each other alone or fight."

"Good start," the albino commented. "Go right on."

"All right—it's like this," Harris resumed. "I'm going to have my hands full without you hiring out to pester us. I'm not out to reform the country. They set the fashion of dog eat dog and every man for himself; so the Three Bar is all that interests me. You keep out of my affairs and



He Motioned to Evans and Lanky Joined Them.

I'll let you go your own gait. If you mix in I'll have your men hunted down like rats."

Harper glanced toward the group at the bar.

"You were prudent enough to pick a time when you're three to one to tell me about that," he said. "If I'd kill you in your chair I might have some trouble getting out the door."

"Of course I'd take every chance

to play safe," Harris admitted. "But that is beside the point. I'd have told you the same thing if the odds had been reversed. You've got brains, or you'd have been dead for twenty years. If I thought you were a haphazard homicide I wouldn't be sitting here. But you wouldn't kill a man without looking a few weeks ahead and making sure it was safe."

"Go ahead—let's hear the rest of it," Harper urged. "You've got an original line of talk."

"You're playing one game and I'm playing mine," Harris said. "You're in the saddle now—like you have been once or twice before. But you know that the sentiment of a community reverses almost overnight. You've stepped out just ahead of a clean-up a time or two in the past. I've got a hard bunch of terriers over at the Three Bar and you couldn't raid us without a battle big enough to go down in history as the Three Bar war. Either way you'd lose, for it would stir folks up—and when they're stirred you're through. Do you remember what Al Moody did up on the Gallatin and what old Con Ristine sprung on the Nations Trail? That will happen again right here."

The two men were leaning toward each other, elbows resting on the table. Harper relaxed and leaned back comfortably in his chair as he twisted a smoke. Evans propped his feet on the table and Harris hung one knee over the arm of his chair. The men at the bar knew that some crisis had been safely passed.

"You talk as if I was running an outfit of my own and had a bunch of riders that could swarm down on you," Harper objected. "I don't ever run a brand of my own or have one man riding for me."

"The wild bunch is riding for you," Harris stated.

"Suppose that was true," Harper said. "Then what?"

"In one country after the next they've hit the toboggan whenever they got to feeling too strong. If you line up against me that time has come again. If I get potted from the brush I've hedged it so that those boys that fled over there won't be left in the lurch. There'll be a reward of a thousand dollars hung up for the scalp of each of fifteen men whose names I gathered while I was prowling round—reliable men to carry on what I've begun; and marshals thicker than flies to protect the honest filings on the Three Bar."

"Then it might be bad policy to bushwhack you," Harper observed.

"You can go your own gait," Harris said. "As long as you lay off Three Bar cows. You invited me one time to come down to your hangout in the Breaks. I won't ever make that visit unless you call on the Three Bar first; then, just out of politeness, I'll ride over at the head of a hundred men."

"Then it don't look as if we'd get anywhere, visiting back and forth," Harper said.

"Now don't think I'm throwing a bluff or threatening; I'm just telling you. You could recite a number of things that could happen to me in return—all of 'em true. I'm just counting that you've got brains and can see it's not going to help either one of us to get lined up wrong. What do you say—shall we call it hands off between the Three Bar and you?"

The albino half-closed his eyes, the pale eyeballs glittering through the slit of his lids as he reflected on this proposition, tapping a careless finger on his knee. He glanced absent-mindedly toward the bar, his thoughts wholly occupied with the matter in hand. A pair of eyes that gazed back at him drew his own and he found himself looking at Bentley, the man who repped with the Three Bar for Slade. The albino's suspicions were as fluid and easily roused as those of a beast of prey in a dangerous neighborhood. With one of those quick shifts of which his mind was capable he concentrated every mental effort toward linking Bentley with some unpleasant episode of the past. The man had turned away and Harper could only sense a vague feeling that he was dangerous to him, without definite point upon which to base his suspicions. At the sound of Harris' voice his mind made another lightning shift back to the present.

"Well?" Harris asked.

"Why, if I had anything to do with it, like you seem to think, I'd advise against our bucking each other," Harper said. "I'd try to get along—and declare hands off." He rose, nodded to the two men and returned to the stud game.

"He'll do it, too," Evans predicted. "There's that much fixed anyway—not a bad piece of work."

The two men returned to the bar and Brill moved close to Harris. For fifteen years he had stood behind that bar and observed the men of the whole countryside at their worst—and best; and he knew men. As well as if he had heard the words of the three at the table he knew that Harris and Harper had reached an agreement of some sort that was satisfactory to both.

Ten minutes later the five men rose to go. Harris looked at his watch.

"I'm off," he said to Evans. "Try and get the boys home by tomorrow morning if it's possible."

He went outside and mounted as the five rustlers swung to their saddles.

"I'm going your way as far as the forks," he said to Harper.

The three Bar men were treated to the sight of their foreman riding down the road beside Harper at the head of four of the worst rustlers in the state.

And behind the bar Brill moved

softly back and forth when not serving drinks, pausing opposite first one group and then the next to dab at the polished wood with his cloth, listening carefully to the conversation and gauging it to determine whether the apparent sentiment toward the squat foreman was sincere or would prove different when the men, flushed with undiluted rye, were unrestrained by his presence.

CHAPTER VII

There was a new contentment in the eyes of the Three Bar girl as she sat her horse beside Carlos Deane and looked off down the bottoms. A haze of smoke drifted above the little valley of the Crazy Loop. Three mule outfits were steadily ripping up the sage flats. The two rode down to the fields with the pungent sage smoke drifting in their faces. Harris joined them, and swept his arm across the stretch of plowed ground.

"Can you picture that covered with a stand of alfalfa hay?" he asked.

The girl nodded.

"Yes—and cut and cured and in the stack yards," she said. "And a straight red run of Three Bar cows wintering under fence."

Harris wondered if her new contentment came wholly from the progress the Three Bar was making or was derived partly from the presence of Carlos Deane. Each man had recognized the other as a contender for the love of the Three Bar girl and during the two days of Deane's stay each one had been covertly sizing and estimating the caliber of the other man.

For a month prior to Deane's arrival Harris had been occupied from dawn till dark with the details of the new work. A hundred acres of plowed ground lay mellowing under the sun. The cowhands were out working the range in pairs, branding late-dropped calves and moving drifted stock back to the home range. Forty white-face bulls had been trail-herded from the railroad and thrown out along the foot of the hills to replace the other bulls that had been rounded up and brought in. In a few more days the boys would come in from the range and gather at the home ranch, preparatory to going out once more on the beef round-up.

"I'm about to take a vacation," Harris said. "The ranger is coming over to mark out some more trees for us and to run the U. S. brand on the logs we've already cut. I'm going back up in the hills with him to sort out a valley or two for summer range. We can get grazing permits on the Forest now—right in the best grass valleys. Each year we'll throw some cows up there to hold our rights. There'll always be good grass on the Forest Reserves, for they won't permit overstocking. The day will come when we'll be glad to have permits to summer-feed a thousand or so head on the Forest. I was thinking maybe you and Deane would like to make the jaunt."

"We'll go," the girl decided.

"We'll start in an hour or two," Harris said. "Just as soon as Wilton turns up. We'll only be gone five days at the most."

"Then I'll stretch my stay to cover it," Deane accepted. "I'd certainly hate to pass up a chance for a trip in the hills."

Calico had sidled off the plowing and was cropping grass at the edge of it. As Harris moved toward him Evans rode down the right-hand slope and the three waited for him.

"Moore and I were working in close and I thought I'd ride over to tell you that the wild bunch has lost a veteran," he said. "Some one put Barton out over in the Breaks."

Barton, whose name was linked with that of Harper, had been found with a rifle ball through his chest. His own gun, found by his outstretched hand, had showed one blackened cylinder, the empty shell sufficient proof that he had fired a single shot at his assailant.

The girl could find no sorrow in her heart over the passing of Barton but there was an uneasy feeling deep within her—a vague suspicion that she should be able to pronounce the killer's name. This elusive thought was crowded from her mind when the ranger rode up to the Three Bar accompanied by Slade, each man leading a pack horse.

"Slade's going to look over a little territory up on the Forest," Wilton explained. "So we can get it all done on one trip."

There was no way to avoid this unexpected addition to their party, and in half an hour the little cavalcade filed up a gulch back of the Three Bar, the ranger in the lead with his pack horse. By noon they made the first rim and followed over into a rolling country, heavily timbered in the main. In the early evening they rode out on to a low divide and Blind valley showed below them, a broad expanse of open grassland.

"Feed!" Harris said. "Feed. Worlds of it."

They made camp at the mouth of a branching canyon, just within the timber.

Harris sensed Deane's attitude toward it all for he knew something of the other man's way of life. Those with whom Deane was thrown most in contact were careful of appearances. It was unheard-of in his code that a girl should jaunt for days accompanied by four men. Here appearances seemed entirely disregarded and no one gave the matter a thought.

The moon swung over the ridges and shed its radiance over Blind valley. Deane motioned to Billie and the girl rose and followed him to the edge

of the timber where they sat on blow-down.

"Billie, let me take you away from all this," he urged. "All this riding and rough man's work. I'll give you the things that will get out all the hardships. What's the going on like this?"

The girl was conscious of a vague sense of disappointment. She realized that Deane's attitude was of so many other men, his love synonymous with shelter for object of it, and his main plan that of providing her with shelter against all the rough corners of the world. And what she wanted was to be part of things—to have a hand in running her own affairs.

"I don't want shelter!" she said. "And I can't think of anything but till after the Three Bar is a concern."

The two went back and sat with others round the dying fire, then turned in for the night. Billie's teepee and the men in their beds with no other overhead shelter than the trees.

Near morning Deane was more awakened by a clammy drowsiness on his face. A fine drizzle was falling. Slade was on his feet, hanging a few sticks of wood inside flap of Billie's teepee.

Breakfast was cooked under dripping trees. The outfit was packed up and the little procession filed toward the next valley—and Carlos Deane proved his real caliber to the girls.

Throughout the day they rode in fine drizzle; in the timber the branches whipped them and the water down the necks of the trees; in the boggy meadows of the bottoms the mosquitoes hovered over them in humming swarms. At the time they made camp and slept in the bed rolls with the clammy mist clinging them. The next day was the start. Deane's neck was raw and chafed from the wet neckband of his flannel shirt and his hands and cheeks were puffed with the bites of the bugs. But he had been clear throughout and had uttered no complaint.

Toward evening of the second gloomy day Harris rode up behind him.

"You'll do," he said.

"How's that?" Deane asked.

"There's maybe one man out every two hundred that can go on like this and not get to blaming one in sight for what's happening to him. I don't know as I'd have been any if you'd been cussing me out for the past two days."

Deane laughed and shook his head. "I've been rather enjoying it," he said.

"You're just a plain, old-fashioned, plain, Deane," Harris returned. "I haven't been enjoying it any more than the rest of us—which is a little; but you've got inside enough to let on like it's considerable— which is a whole lot."

"No one else has done any better," Deane said. "So why should I?"

"This is everyday business for us," Harris pointed out. "And it's unusual for you. There's likely



"This Is Everyday Business With Harris Pointed Out.

number of things you do every back your way, but that doesn't signify that I could amble back and perform as well as you."

"I suspect you'd make out all right," Deane said. "Anyway—I'm obliged for the indorsement."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A neatly bound volume of fiction, containing the complete story "Settling of the Sage," can be purchased at this office for only \$1.00. Buy a copy and secure the complete story in an attractive and convenient form.

AND GET A DUCKING



Fisherman—One good turn serves another. Canoeist—Not when you turtle.

KITCHEN HELP

By Annie L. Towler

"Well, I do declare! Is you the what's come to help in de kitchen, now? You all is too busy for dat kin'. But come in, an' call Mi's Ratican. Jest sit right dar an' rest yo'self, honey. fur yo' done come?"

"Mona guessed about two miles lan', chile, how come Mi's Ratican didn't send and fetch ye?"

"Well, I didn't expect her to do, and father is sick and couldn't bring me, so I walked. But it was early walking; the morning is so beautiful."

"Well, my lan', honey! I sure knows you can't see much of the duty of de mornin' efen you go work here. I jest guess a heapin' of dishes will be de mornin' duty you'll see. And de scourin' knives de bird's song. But my word, how my tongue does wag! You here, chile." She waddled rudely away.

Mona sat erect on the edge of the kitchen chair. It was a nice, sunny mornin', Mona thought. Anyone could enjoy working in it. Then she thought of the sink where she would have to wash the dishes was built so high that she would have to stand on her toes to see out of it. The beauty of the morning would, indeed, be lost to her. But she thought of her sick father, and her helpless, worried mother, and decided to do her best please.

A mocking bird in a tree near by began to sing. Mona thrilled with it. Aunt Tampa, the name given to the smiling, good natured colored woman by the Raticans, came in, and Mona's whistle, and laughed heartily.

"My lawd! I can't tell which from her. Is you gal or bird?" "I'm a foghorn, listen"—as a low, hoarse foghorn sounded in the kitchen, Aunt Tampa jumped. "My lan', dat dat done beat all?" But Mona, being quick, light steps sat up on the edge of the chair.

Mrs. Ratican, a lovely, painted picture of forty trying to look twenty, came in. "Dear me! Good morning, Mona. How are you? And how are your father and mother?" She didn't wait for an answer nor did she hear Mona's timid replies.

"Aunt Tampa, why didn't you take Mona's satchel and hat and set her peeling potatoes, or—making salt? This is no time to loiter around. I'm having guests for luncheon and later, and Mona will have to wait as Miss Sanders has today off."

"Aunt Tampa began to fly around like a chick in a hawk's shadow. Mona discarded her hat and jacket, and stood ready to start work. A gray cat sat basking in the sun's sunshine of the open door of the kitchen. A few low mews, seemingly from beneath the fat cook's skirt made her kick back so savage that Mona had to laugh.

Aunt Tampa, suspicious now, spying the dozing kitty said, "Good gracious, chile, you is sure what dey is uncandy. Sure thought I step on dat cat. Mr. Bob, what yo' all in dis yere kitchen? How come 'ain't tainin' yo' all mammy's nests?"

"Now, Aunt Tampa, don't talk so loud. I came in on purpose to meet de new kitchen help." Bob Ratican was standing in the door, laughing. Mona turned to see who was invading the kitchen domain. Blue, Irish eyes met laughing brown eyes.

"Whew!" thought six foot Bob. "What a little Irish beauty! Kitchen up nothin'." She looks like a Princess, out of a Fairy Tale, with all dat lovely black hair and those smiling, Irish eyes.

Mona thought, "Oh dear, what a little de he must think me! Now I sh I had never come. He really is de handsomest young man I ever see."

"Master Bob, dis am Miss Mona Flatery." "Aunt Tampa." "No chile, yo' all called yo'self a fighorn a while ago." At this Mona blushed and looked down.

"Say, what's this, Aunt Tampa?" "Truth I'm tellin' yo', Marse Bob. He am right down candied. She sing lak a cat, and mew lak a bird. He sure do, 'fore me, jest lak dat. Bob and Mona were both laughing at Aunt Tampa by this time.

"Bob, Bob! where are you?" His mother's impatient voice floated out to them. "Come in here; I am so worried and disappointed." Bob disappeared to learn the source of his mother's worries.

Aunt Tampa and Mona busied themselves, preparing luncheon for de Ratican guests. Soon Mona was slicing sandwiches, salad and little cakes on serving plates.

"Oh, Aunt Tampa! do I have to go there? Oh, dear! Just then she sh she just couldn't meet Bob Ratican and his mother, let alone any one else. She, Mona, was only the kitchen help, anyway. It was hot and she sh tired and nervous.

Before she could even pick up a tray, Bob came breezing in again. Oh, may I speak to Miss Flatery, Aunt Tampa? Mother is in a tight place just now, and needs help bad."

"Now what has done happen, Marse Bob? Am she hurt bad?" "No, no, Aunt Tampa, this is a mental hurt." "Well, my lan'! Metal can't hurt heap."

"No, Aunt Tampa, mental, mind." "Well, my lan', has you all's mammy lose her min'?"



LAST CALL FOR WINTER PASTURES.

By T. C. RICHARDSON

Associate Editor
Farm and Ranch
Breeder-Feeder Association

The Southwest is particularly fortunate in the variety of pasture crops which can be grown for fall, winter, and spring grazing. Of course pasture crops are of little interest to a farm without livestock, but a farm without livestock and poultry is not a complete farm anyway. Away back in 1924, when cotton had been twice to four times the price of recent years, an Oklahoma investigation showed that farmers who depended on cotton for less than forty per cent of their income had accumulated property three to four times as fast as those who depended on cotton for seventy-one per cent or more of their income.

"As the percentage of income from livestock increases the annual saving of wealth increases," and "the farmer who had less than forty per cent of his income in cotton and more than twenty-five per cent of his income in livestock and livestock products made the most money on the average". There are perfectly logical reasons why this was true then and is true now, which have been touched upon in these articles before.

In 1924 and for a long time afterward there were no government "benefits" for doing a good job of farming. Now the government actually pays farmers to do what good farmers were already doing. But the "benefits" from cotton, wheat, etc. will not make prosperity for those who do not follow through and capitalize the land and labor released from cotton growing, by using both in some other profitable manner.

There is nothing wrong with trying some new "cash crops", or looking forward to "industrial crops" of which we hear so much since the "farm chemurgy" idea has been so

Mona was staring; she could not believe her ears. She, the kitchen help, asked to go before Mrs. Ratican's guests. "But your mother? She never—she couldn't want—she—"

"Now, Miss Mona—but here she is to speak for herself."

"But I do want you, my dear. I do hope you will not fail me. I can't get any one at this late hour, and I have some very lovely people, and they expect something in the way of entertainment."

"But—but, I have never done anything before people. Only for mother and dad, and sometimes the school."

"She can do it, Mi's Ratican. She am a foghorn, a song bird and a cat. All too candied for me." Aunt Tampa was smiling broadly, showing a row of glistening white teeth.

"But my dress?" "Dear, come with me, we can fix that. My Betty's things will just fit you." Mona moved after her like one in a dream. She soon found herself standing beside a piano, facing a dim group of expectant folks, who waved like the far distant colors of a rainbow before her nervous eyes.

Soon she forgot them. There was Bob at the piano. "Now Mona, just whistle the 'Mocking Bird,'" he whispered, as he struck the chords of the sweet old song.

The clear, beautiful notes came on thrilling trills from Mona's lovely smiling lips. The applause deafened her as she finished. "Bravo!" whispered Bob. "Now whatever you wish me to play, just say."

"More?" she whispered in return. "Encore, you know,—let's try 'Old Black Joe.'"

Mona's lovely singing voice took up the old refrain. After it was over, one of the ladies rose and came toward Mona, both hands held out. "Dear! my dear! you are wonderful! I must have you at my 'get-together' next Wednesday."

She didn't know this little Irish songbird was only one of Mrs. Ratican's kitchen help.

"O, Mona, me darlin'! For once ye was wrong. Ye've been sorry ye was Mrs. Ratican's kitchen help! And to think, me own little Mona will soon be Mrs. Bob Ratican! It makes me old heart glad! and ye old father, he is that proud of ye!"

"Not to mention Aunt Tampa, even if she does think me uncandy," Mona laughed. "You see Mother, the kitchen help can blow lak a foghorn, sing lak a cat, and mew lak a bird."

Subscribe for this PAPER today!

highly touted. In the meantime it is within the immediate ability of every Southwestern farmer to improve his own condition by practicing the well-known and long-proven principles of balanced farming outlined in the Breeder-Feeder program.

Crops and livestock belong together on the farm, and as shown above, offer greater promise for independence and farm prosperity than any new-fangled theory that has ever yet been invented. Now pastures, winter and summer, are the foundation of a balanced farm program in which man-labor is better distributed and better-paid, by turning more of the work over to the animals. And winter grazing depends on planting the right crops at the right time.

It is a common expression among practical farmers that wheat, oats or barley will pay for the seed and labor in the grazing alone, in most years. The grain crop is that much to the good. Says the Texas Experiment Station "for fall and early winter, barley is the best producer; wheat, oats and rye produce most grazing for winter months; while rye grass gives the most grazing for March and April."

"Winter legumes offer another good use for the land and labor during the winter months. Crops such as vetch, winter peas, and some of the clovers, grow well in many sections during the winter and early spring, and when plowed under in the spring, improve the soil. Substantial increase in the yields of cotton have consistently resulted . . . in East and Central Texas when legumes are grown in winter and plowed under in early spring before planting the cotton."

This holds true also in Eastern Oklahoma, Louisiana and Arkansas, as thousands of farmers have proven by their own experience in recent years.

Winter pasture crops may be sown from now until November in the Southwest, but naturally the earlier they get started the more grazing they will provide.

THE UNTAMED GARDENS.

In the untamed gardens of Iaalam shy violets with imprudent grace Commune with yellow asters And wild flowers fringed with lace. The purple thistle grows—by tall pungent shady pines

Near laughing brown-eyed daisies, And the heart of the columbines And once I saw an artichoke By a beautiful pansy bed, Nature uprooted its hiding place And planted red phlox there instead.

Year after year this garden flourishes by the miracle hand of God— While we plant, and spade, and hoe our gardens To MAKE things grow in the sod.

—GEORGIA EDYTHEA OTT.

The Youth in Business

By C. E. Johnston

Dean, School of Business
International Correspondence
Schools

THE young man in business who expects advancement should ask himself "Do I seek responsibility or do I merely brag about the things I will do and the decisions I will make when the right opportunities occur? Do I, in fact, leave the carrying out of hard jobs to others in the department and keep silent when assistance in solving problems is needed by others?" Leaders of business enterprises owe their present positions to the fact that they early demonstrated that they could bear responsibility and carry through difficult jobs.

Someone has said that to "stand out" in a group of workers, a man must first learn to "stand up." By this he meant that a man attracts the favorable attention of his superiors by showing ability to deal with difficult situations. It may be embarrassing to make a mistake, but the man who lets fear of embarrassment deter him from accepting responsibility will get nowhere.

The man who knows one thing well may be able to hold his job, but the individual who knows many things is the one who will be promoted when the opportunity occurs. Advancement comes to the man who already knows the duties of the job ahead. The devoting of part of one's spare time to study should not be regarded as a hardship, but as a privilege. The right use of one's leisure is perhaps the most important factor in business success.

CURFEW.

There is no time can be compared to curfew,
No period contained in dark or light,
Can make a troubled world think more of resting,
Than curfew bells upon a dusky night.

The bell that marks the hour when night is falling
Helps bring a weary day to peaceful end,
And brings to us a kindly benediction
As pleasant as a greeting from a friend.

The cattle and the herds all share our feeling,
And slowly make their way from near and far,
To place themselves, when curfew bells are ringing,
In friendly groups before the pasture bar.

It is a truth, the words the poet tells us,
"The path of glory leads but to the grave,"
But all paths lead at some time into duty,
And curfew rings for timid, as for brave.

—J. E. ELLIOTT.

Hints For Homemakers

By Jane Rogers



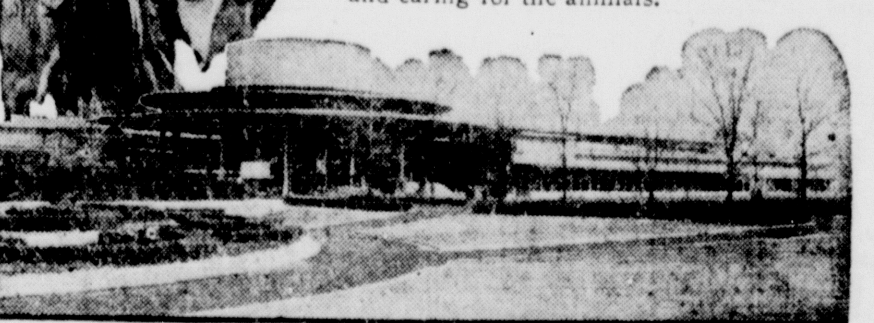
FRESH rosy peaches baked with canned unsweetened Hawaiian pineapple juice and sugar, served hot with a dash of powdered mace or a sprinkling of grated nutmeg will add a special filip to the meat course, especially if roast chicken is the piece de resistance. Or try them for dessert, minus the spice, serving with thin cream instead or hard sauce flavored with nutmeg or mace.

Prepare the peaches this way: Pour boiling water over eight firm but ripe peaches, rub off skins and place fruit close together in a baking dish. Sprinkle with one-half cup granulated sugar, pour over one-half cup pineapple juice, cover and bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) about 20 minutes, then remove cover and allow fruit to brown slightly. Serve hot as suggested above.

This amount will make eight servings.

Pure-Bred Cows Going to World's Fair

This photograph shows the partly completed building which will house the "Dairy World of Tomorrow" at the New York World's Fair in 1939. In it the five pure-bred associations—Ayrshire, Guernsey, Holstein-Friesian, Jersey and Brown-Swiss—will each have 30 outstanding specimens of their breed on display for the entire duration of the Fair. These animals, selected throughout the United States and Canada, are chosen for outstanding merit. They will be milked three times a day on a Rotolactor similar to the one developed at the Walker-Gordon Laboratories.



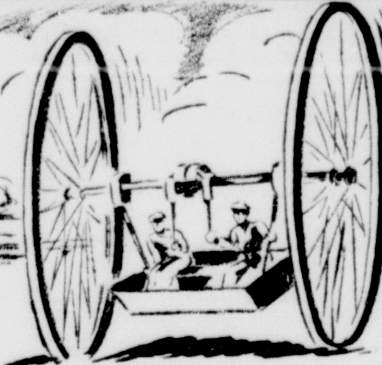
The exhibit will demonstrate the production and handling of milk under best sanitary conditions. The Borden Company is co-operating with the breed associations and will bear the expense of assembling, feeding and caring for the animals.

MOTOR MEMOIRS

BY M. O'HARE

1880 SWING

IT TOOK A LOT OF UMPH TO RUN THIS 1880 SWING CONTRAPTION, PROPELLED BY SWINGING THE SEAT BACK AND FORTH . . .



It Wouldn't Have Happened if it Had Been a LEAHEY LEATHER TIRE

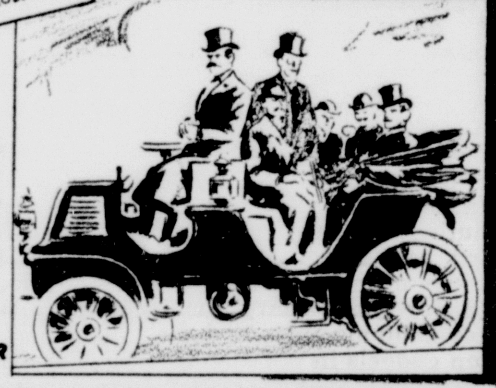


Oh, No?

A LEAHEY TIRE COMPANY ADVERTISED IN A MOTOR MAGAZINE IN 1906 THAT ITS TIRES "DO NOT PUNCTURE, BLOW OUT, SKID OR RIM CUT, BECAUSE THEY ARE BUILT NOT TO!"

PROUD AS PUNCH

THESE GENTLEMEN, RIDING IN A 1903 AUTO WERE PROUD TO BE SO PRIVILEGED. MODERN CAR OWNERS ALSO TAKE PRIDE IN THEIR SLEEK 1939 CARS UPHOLSTERED IN BEAUTIFUL, LUXURIOUS MOHAIR VELVET.



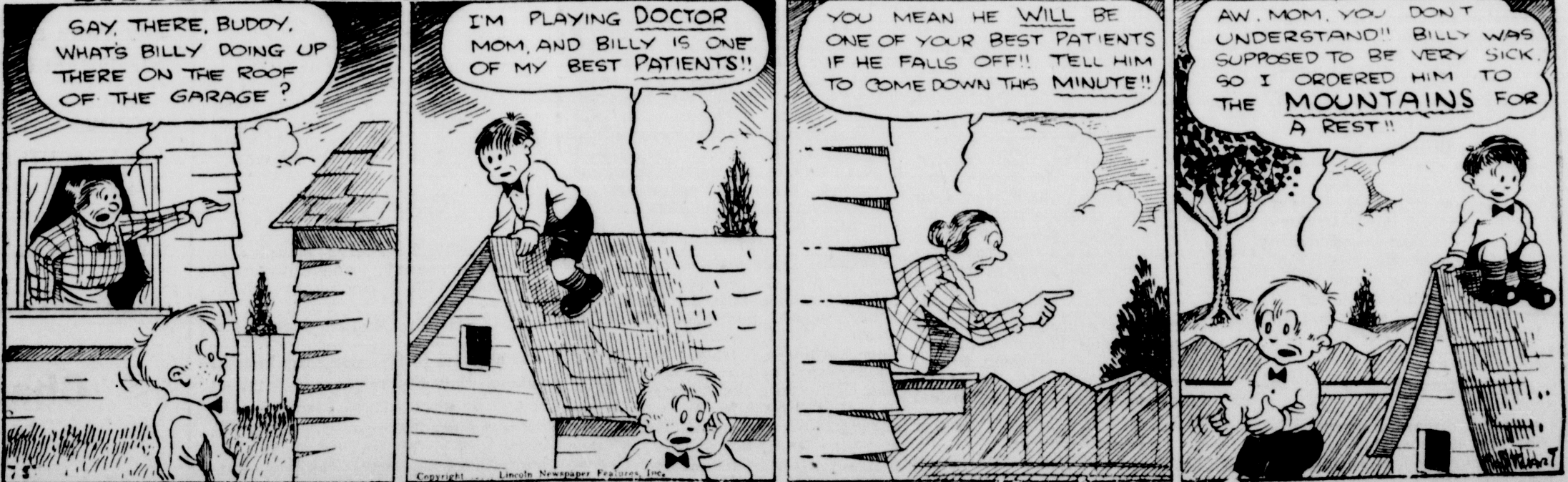
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OUR PUZZLE CORNER



LITTLE BUDDY

By Bruce Stuart



SUBSCRIBE FOR THIS PAPER AND KEEP UP WITH LITTLE BUDDY

Castroville Cullings

LOCAL, PERSONAL AND BUSINESS ITEMS FROM THIS BUSY BURG

ISABELL KARM, LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE

News and advertising copy for this column for the week's issue should be submitted to Miss Karm or mailed direct to us at Hondo not later than Tuesday night of each week. Miss Karm is authorized to collect and receipt for any business for this paper.

CASTROVILLE, TEXAS, TUESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1939

Stop at the Blue Bonnet Cafe at Castroville, Texas, for good Eats, Beer and Home-made Ice Cream and Bread. Courteous Service. Patronize a home industry and help your home town. Bread for sale at all stores in Castroville.

Rev. and Mrs. Herman Daunhaus and baby of Boerne and Miss Eveneglin Staats, Rev. M. A. Falkenberg and Albert Sprenger Jr., of San Antonio visited in the home of Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Falkenberg Monday.

Miss Jonell Bendele returned home Sunday from a three weeks visit with Elaine Walker of New Braunfels.

Miss Mel Rose Haby of Cliff spent several days with Jonell Bendele at Castroville the past week.

Mrs. Frank Finger and daughters of D'Hanis spent a week with Mrs. R. E. Christies at Waco last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gean Conally visited in the Julius Tschirhart home Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Hawek and daughter, Josey Mae, Dessira Mann and family visited Mrs. A. H. Tondre and family Sunday. They also took in the celebration.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark E. Tondre and daughter of San Antonio, Mrs. P. J. Zuercher of Harlingen visited Mrs. A. H. Tondre and family Sunday.

Clement and Claude Tondre returned to the U. S. Navy in California Wednesday.

fornia Wednesday.

Professor Laurence died in Utopia early Tuesday morning. Joe and Herbert Tondre, undertakers of Castroville went and got him and took him to Thornedale where he was buried.

The Castroville Public School will open September 11, 1939. The faculty is as follows: Albert R. Vance, Superintendent; Devine; Ruth Currie Lawler, Castroville; Howard Poth, Poth; Helen Falls, San Marcos; Alberta Besch, San Antonio; Elinora Lindstrom, San Antonio; Ruth Woods, Devine.

ZION'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Sunday, September 3, 1939.

8:30 A. M. Sunday School and Bible classes.

9:30 A. M. English divine service.

The church has a message for the people of today, when the world is in turmoil. Be in church Sunday. Please, bring your kind family, your good neighbors, friends, visitors and guests. Thanks. You will find a department in Sunday school for the children. We are ready and willing to serve you.

Sunday school teachers meeting Monday night at 8:30 o'clock.

The Church with a welcome.

—A. H. FALKENBERG, Pastor.

tion for machinery to be applied to relief of those "displaced", it is interesting to look anew at the automobile industry, major exponent of mass production methods, counsels the Rockford (Ill.) Star editorially.

According to the Automobile Manufacturers association, ten times as many persons are provided a livelihood by the activities generated by the automobile as find employment in the motor plants themselves. The A. M. A. estimate is that 6,380,000 persons live by the manufacture, service, distribution and other activities which automobiles set into motion.

Remove the machine-produced automobile, put it back on a custom-built or hand-made basis, and the reason for the great mass of service, road construction, petroleum output and other vast sources of jobs disappears. Nor is that all. The A. M. A. did not attempt to compute the effect on vacation employment, highway restaurants and the like, only a small fraction of which would be served by other transport if the automobile were returned to luxury class.

A silly hypothesis, to be sure. We have no intention of giving up automobiles by making them too costly to have democratic use. But for automobile substitute any other industry dependent to large degree on mass methods of production. Examine the train of employment generated by any of these. Technology is the generating station for employment and new employment.

This editor was reared on a farm where cotton was the cash crop. At the same time it was a surplus crop. Farming was to his parents first of all a mode of life and the farm was practically self-sustaining. It produced, in addition to the cotton crop, feed for the live stock. The live stock produced in turn pork, bacon, lard, mutton, beef, milk, butter, eggs and poultry for the table, with occasionally a surplus of some to sell. The fields, the orchard, the garden and even the trees and tangled vines of the forest furnished food in endless variety and made bought canned foods an unknown commodity on his mother's table. He wore out many a garment made from the wool clipped from the sheep on their own farm and dreamed the happy dreams of boyhood at night on a downy bed made of the feathers from geese that he heaped his mother nurse from goslinghood. By the way, one of the last acts of service for that now sainted mother was to market for her a bale of cotton for 4 1/2 c.

CONGRESS AND THE ECONOMY MOVEMENT.

It is a curious paradox that the last Congress appropriated even more money than its big-spending predecessor—yet has come in for considerable praise for its activities in the direction of economy.

The paradox is understandable. For, toward the closing weeks of the session, Congress, obviously appalled by the swiftness with which the national debt is approaching the \$45,000,000,000 legal limit, finally put its foot down. It sharply reduced WPA expenditures, pared appropriations proposed in the "self-liquidating" spending bill, all along the line, and otherwise showed its belief that the time for some retrenchment was at hand.

The common forecast now is that the next session of Congress will go a great deal farther in the direction of a balanced budget. If it does, the lawmakers will really earn the plaudits of the nation. For no one can deny that the growing debt, which carries with it the inevitability of more and higher taxes on top of today's crushing burdens, is a major factor in holding business back.

In brief, the last Congress made a start. It is the duty of the next Congress to go on from there, and really achieve something beside more and bigger deficits. The spending spree this country has been indulging in has never before been witnessed in world history—Industrial News Review.

JUST SUPPOSING!

At a time when mass production is under fire and the machine is being blamed for our woes, with some politicians actually proposing tax-

NEWSY but not nosy—the Anvil Herald.

THE LITTLE HELPER



QUIHI NOTES.

And Laban called it Jegarsahadutha; but Jacob called it Galeded. Gen. 31:47.

No, these are neither misspellings nor misprints. These are the names, the inscriptions, on the pillar that was erected by Jacob and Laban, on the day of their peace treaty and mutual farewell. There the pillar stood in solitary splendor, when both parties broke camp and traveled in opposite directions. There it stood, when a last look from far away once more recalled the happenings of the day; a solid and silent reminder of the solemn agreements, pledged by the signatories and subscribers, arrived at openly, without mental reservations, without secret subterfuges and ingenious plottings for additional gains. Laban used an Aramaic term, his language; Jacob, the Hebrew, selected a name from his language. Both terms meant, "This heap (pillar) is a witness between me and thee," or, as Laban circumscribed it, "The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another"; stressing, time and again, "God is witness betwixt me and thee" and winding up "The God of Abraham, the God of Nahor, the God of their father, judge betwixt us." And Jacob "swore by the fear of his father Isaac" to affirm his sincerity and honest consent.—Why this pillar, a kind of signature with rocks, why the extensive formality, the repeated appeals to God for a judge and witness and supplementary binding force? Why not a simple "Yea that is a yea, and a nay that is a nay" and a hearty handshake for a seal? Fear, distrust, suspicion, that in trying times, under changed and critical conditions, the terms might be misconstrued, falsely interpreted, or that an open breach and rupture tear the obligations to pieces? "Scraps of paper" that human history virtually is littered with? The whole matter has some kinship with our present day legal documents and agreements, wordy in detail and definitions, in descriptions and exceptions, in conditions, provisos and exemptions, often so much so that the average layman finds them about as clear as those inscriptions, those jaw-breakers in our text. But in spite of the verbosity and amplitudes, the world of words in these documents, lined up to forestall and prevent possible disputes in the future, the altogether too many litigations and law-suits prove beyond a doubt that these documents and agreements were still not sufficiently clear, that some loopholes had been left open, perhaps unintentionally, so as to give cause for contention and legal attack. We grant you that behind all this "artillery of words" in those lengthy documents, there is the "sneaking fear" that that fickle human heart, some day, under some influence or obsession, might want to back out and nullify the stipulations. We also grant you that if someone is bent on hanging the other fellow, he will also find a rope, or, to be more concrete, if somebody has signed the agreement with malice and evil intentions in mind, he will find the men and the means and the mode to have it declared null and void, some day.—And this is more apt to happen where God is left out of the bargain, not as with Jacob-Laban, to direct the mind and the conscience and sharpen the sense of responsibility to Him; where only legal shrewdness or political craftiness direct the course. And still more is it apt to happen, in private or national life, when parts of the agreements are withheld or governed by secret pacts and objectives by one partner. It happens. To illustrate: When our boys went across, in 1917, to fight the kaiser, Prussian militarism, to save democracy and to wage a war to end wars—we remember those inscriptions and objectives held out for our encouragement and enthusiasm—yet the Russian archives disclosed in 1917, that already six different "treaty-agreements" had been arrived at by our allied partners, of which Wilson later maintained he was not informed of. Al ready in 1915 Russia was promised Constantinople, Italy, to receive South Tirol and parts of Albania, Asia Minor and the African colonies including Abyssinia. In 1916, it was agreed to give Rumania Transylvania and the Banat, and in 1917 (February) Japan was to get the German Southsea Islands, Kioutschou; France

and Russia had a separate agreement, also secret, guaranteeing to France Alsace-Lorraine, the Saar section and the left shore of the Rhine and allowing Russia a free hand as to her boundary lines between Germany-Russia, etc. Our boys did not know this, nor Congress, nor the president. Little wonder that secret agreements again are suspected now, while this and that inscription is fluttering in the wind. Is the human lot such a bad lot? What would those two ancient partners, Laban and Jacob, say about our "advancement" in treaties and agreements?

And the schoolbells will tinkle again next week. The home-program will be changed. The morning march or ride will start only too early. Some will go with a lusty smile, others with a half-hearted grin; a few prefer continuous vacation, no school forevermore. Little mind-worlds will be breaking down, making room for a new and larger world. Others will continue their mind and character building perhaps far away from home, and those little touches of homesickness make the start often unpleasant. It will pass away. All in all, a serious and important period for teachers, pupils, parents, trustees and friends, and we invoke God's blessing upon their efforts and co-operation. Home, state, church and heaven depends on that school life.

Just an advance notice for our Confirmation Sunday on September 10. A class of ten catechumens will complete a season of hard and happy work for their spiritual well-being. The examination will be at 9, the service begins at 10 A. M. You are welcome.

Announcements for September 3: German service at 10; Sunday school and Bible class at 9. No evening service. The invitation goes out to you and your family.

—C. W.

Courtesy

A certain snooty girl from our town was travelin' out in Wyoming last summer and sort of had the wind taken out of her sails.

She was struggling with a cup of hot coffee in a small-town railway station, trying to drink it before the train pulled out. A cowboy, seated nearby, noted her plight and, seeing the guard waving to the woman to come on, came to her aid.

"Here, ma'am, you can take my cup o' coffee. It's already sauced and blowed."—The Goat World.

SCHOOL HEAD DEAD.

UTOPIA, Tex., Aug. 29.—W. R. Laurence, 36, superintendent of schools here, died at his home this morning. Funeral services will be held at Rockdale, Tex., Wednesday evening.

Prof. Laurence taught school for a number of years at Castroville, later going from there to Utopia where he has been for the past two or three years. He was a classmate at Baylor University of Superintendent J. G. Barry of Hondo, and has numerous friends among Anvil Herald readers who are grieved at his untimely death.

POSTED

Our pastures on the Hondo Creek are posted according to law, and all trespassing, camping, hunting and fishing therein are strictly forbidden.

L. P. MANN,
D. G. MANN.

FOR SALE.

I have 35 Registered Nannies at \$10.00 per nanny, and 100 Grade Nannies at \$3.50 per nanny. If interested, phone or write, F. E. WHISENHUNT, Medina, Tex. 2t.

It appears to be among the laws of nature, that the mighty of intellect should be pursued and carped by the little, as the solitary flight of one great bird is followed by the twittering petulance of many smaller.—Landon.

D'Hanis Doings

A round-up of Local, Personal and Business Items gathered weekly by our regular Correspondent

Miss Josie Rothe

to whom all items intended for this column should be handed not later than Wednesday noon of each week. Miss Rothe is authorized to collect and receipt for money due this paper.

D'HANIS, TEXAS, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1939

For some reason we fail to receive the D'Hanis letter this week. M. E.

"ALONG GARDEN WALKS"

During the days of Abraham Egypt was a country of independent land owners, each living on his own farm. The cities and village on both sides of the River and far over in the interior, glittered and glistened beneath the tropical sky. The Democracy of the farmer who followed his plow and the potter who worked at the wheel was that of simplicity and hospitality. The reception of Abraham, a roving nomad who lived in a tent, proved this. The religion of the Egyptian was that of monotheism; or other words, they believed in one god whom they called NUKPU NUK, meaning in English I AM THAT I AM, Hebrew-Jehovah.

The depression of Ancient Egypt, caused by the seven years drouth, was the worst the world has ever known. During those years of famine the Egyptians spent all of their goods—even themselves for grain. This led into slavery. Pharaoh, according to history, assigned them into cities and towns for the sake of greater economy and efficiency. He entertained the idea his people working together would be better than through individual effort. The farm was abandoned, the herds scattered and the mill ceased to grind. In order to preserve order Pharaoh organized an army which he endowed with one-third of the land, the priest received like favors and he retained the remainder for himself and his court. Centralization of men, centralization of wealth and a little later we will see the centralization of trouble in the land of Egypt.

Egypt became an aristocracy with Pharaoh as dictator over the people through the priest and soldiers. With the abolition of the farm, the scattering of the herds and the destruction of the country mill, coupled with the centralization of the people in towns, the decline followed affecting physical, mental and spiritual conditions. The congestions in the cities gave rise to infection to the extent at one time under the reign of Justian thousands of people died. Israel was reduced to cruel bondage. This also brought about degeneracy in their spiritual affairs. NUK PU NUK was forgotten and the people took to the worship of animals and other things. We will not at this time discuss the story of Moses who led the children out of the Goshen brick yards in order to sustain the ancient belief of one god and no more. But will say the ways of the Egyptian was hard.

The point I am making is this: History repeats itself. We are following the same trail the Egyptians followed. Unless changes are made we are going to experience the same centralization of power and authority as did the children of the Nile. Just for a few moments let's see things as they are. Our farmers are discouraged and moving to town, the mill out in the country is no longer grinding and our superiors are demanding and commanding a reduction in production. Men and women are walking the streets crying for bread. Promises on every hand with no results. Rainbows being chased and no signs of the golden treasure. Millions of people working part time staggering. The church is about a defunct institution, the theologians and theology denounced as a myth and the Bible a closed book. We cry: "Watchman what of the night?" Will history repeat itself?

R. G. MARTIN,

VACATION.

I came back to the place From which I had started And found the sweetest place of all—Was home.

—ADDIEBELL SENTER PORTER.

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WHEN JESUS WAS BORN.

Jerusalem, upon her tableland, Shone like a jewel high above the plain. Yet it was Bethlehem, the little town, That sheltered Mary in her time of pain.

No mighty temple stood in Bethlehem; Jerusalem laughed at the dusty streets; But shepherds and the common people knew More peace than could be found in gilded seats.

A shining star rose over Bethlehem And stood as though to guard it through the night, A token that the flame of heaven's hour Need not be lodged beneath the temple's might.

The shepherds came, with wise men from afar, And people heard the sound of angels' wings, And that great star blazed on throughout the night To mark where slept the tiny king of kings.

—J. E. ELLIOTT.

THEN AND NOW.

We bow our heads in reverence to night At mention of the Christ Child's holy name; A noble name at its never-dying fame. For years ago in Bethlehem afar Brave Mary, wide-eyed, wearied from her pain, Looked forth from manger-bed, and saw the star. And listened to the angels' glad refrain.

She marveled at the things she saw and heard, Her heart a leap with pride; her labor done; Remembered then the Angel's spoken word When he foretold the coming of her Son. She prayed and worshipped then amid glad tears: We pray and worship now in after years.

—OLIVE SCOTT STAINSBY.

CHRISTMAS.

A tiny babe lay on the sweetest hay, And cattle stood around in mute content. A star gleamed over where the baby lay And Mary watched in soulful, grave intent. And wise men brought some gifts of gold and scent. Then Joseph dreamed that they should steal away. A tiny babe lay on the sweetest hay And cattle stood around in mute content.

If we could journey there and pass that way And see the manger to the baby lent, I fancy we would bow our heads and pray. And as we lingered, see the star re-sent. A tiny babe lay on the sweetest hay And cattle stood around in mute content.

—MALOY BYRNS.

THAT PRIMEVAL URGE

Man walks on cobble-stones and city street. He spans the earth on ocean, track and rail; He flies through space . . . But yet, his eager feet Shall ever long to break a woodland trail.

—ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI

in March KALEIDOGRAPH.

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